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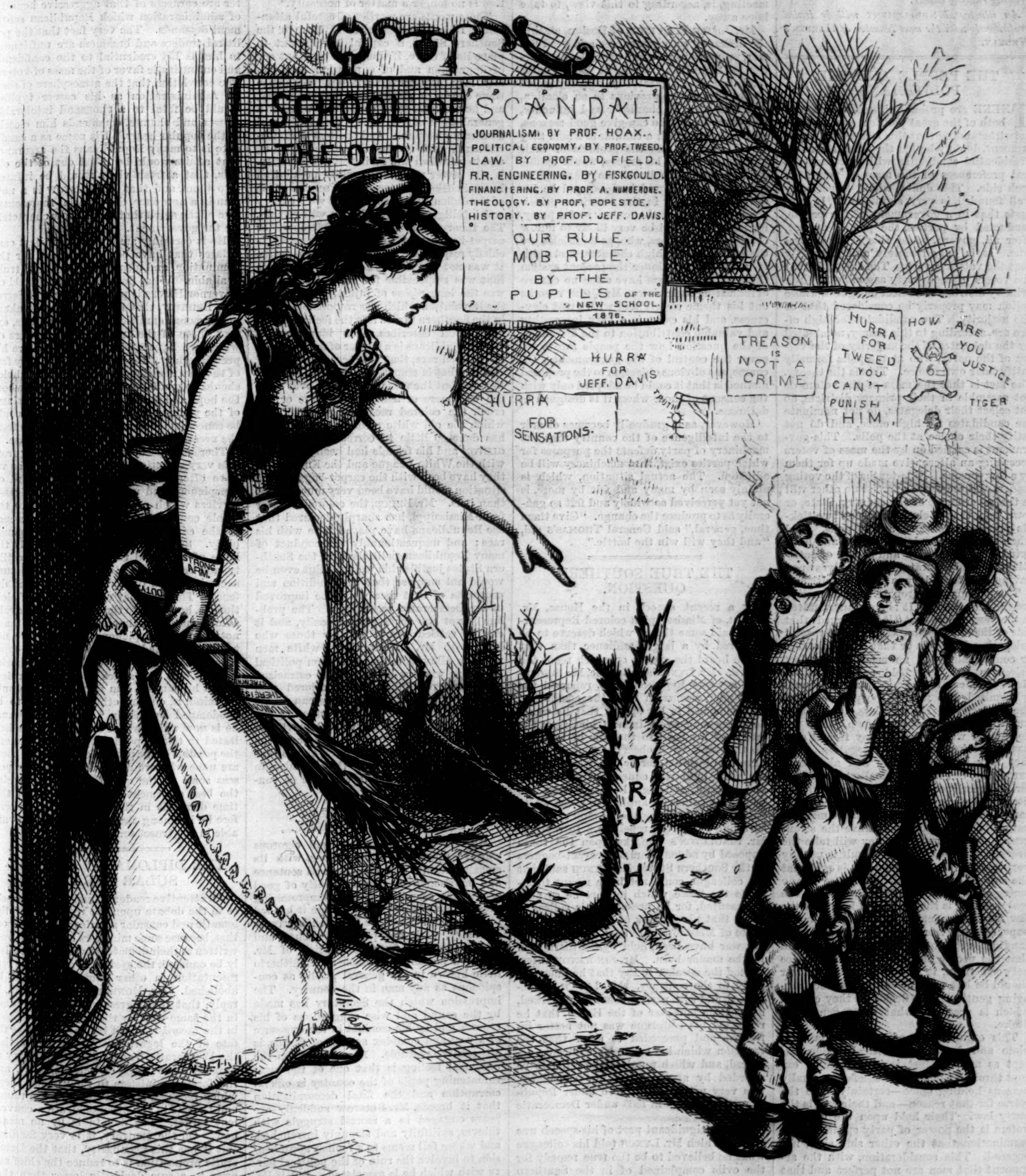
SCHOOL OF THE OLD 1776
SCANDAL.
JOURNALISM. BY PROF. HOAX.
POLITICAL ECONOMY. BY PROF. TWEED.
LAW. BY PROF. D. D. FIELD.
R.R. ENGINEERING. BY FISKGOULD.
FINANCIERING. BY PROF. A. NUMBERONE.
THEOLOGY. BY PROF. POPESTOE.
HISTORY. BY PROF. JEFF. DAVIS.
OUR RULE. MOB RULE.
BY THE PUPILS OF THE NEW SCHOOL. 1876.
HURRA FOR JEFF. DAVIS
HURRA FOR SENSATIONS.
TRUTH
TREASON IS NOT A CRIME
HURRA FOR TWEED YOU CAN'T PUNISH HIM.
HOW ARE YOU JUSTICE
6
TIGER
STRONG ARM.
DUTY
STRENGTH
THERE IS
IN UNION
TRUTH

FEBRUARY 22, 1876.

CHORUS OF RISING PATRIOTS (?). "We can *not* tell a lie! We did not do it!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 4, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double page of*

GERMAN CHARACTER SKETCHES,

a view of a Street in Benares, and a variety of interesting reading matter.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLITICIANS.

THERE are probably intelligent men in both of the great political parties who, notwithstanding that this is a popular government, doubt whether the nominations of Presidential candidates will represent the real preferences of the mass of voters on each side. This doubt, which is perfectly well founded, is very significant. It suggests that in a government of the people, conducted by parties, the people do not, after all, govern. And this is in general true. It is only remotely and indirectly that the voters govern. The theory is that the voters of each party assemble in their primary districts and select delegates, whose action may properly be considered that of the majority. The candidates for high office are, according to this theory, nominated by the delegates of the majority of the voters of the party, who at the polls formally ratify their own choice. This is the theory. The fact is that the mass of the voters do not assemble in their primary districts, do not select their delegates, do not nominate the candidates for high office, and do not ratify their choice at the polls. This government is carried on by the mass of voters accepting an alternative made up for them by a few persons. Nine-tenths of the voting readers of these words exercise no other will in the government of the country, State, or town than that of choice between two tickets presented to them at the polls. And when they have made the choice and have voted, they feel a glow and spring of patriotic pride, and congratulate themselves upon having done their duty as American citizens.

The persons who prepare the alternative are the real rulers. It is constantly stated in the newspapers that "it is arranged" that this or that gentleman shall have the solid delegation from this or that State, district, or county, although no meeting to select delegates has been held or even called. How, then, can it be known or even soundly surmised who will be the preference of the majority? Nevertheless, it is often known, and accurately known, what the delegation will do before any formal step has been taken to name a delegation. The fact may be theoretically and abstractly surprising, but it is practically most familiar. Experience has shown that, with a little care, a very few men in every district can "run" the district. And those men are naturally the persons who have the strongest motive to run it. They will take the necessary trouble, and the result is usually very sure. When, therefore, it is said that the subject of nominations to office in any emergency should be left to the people, the real meaning is that it should be left to the few managing gentlemen. When a newspaper abstains from discussing the claims of candidates for nomination upon the ground that the people should have a free choice between them, it means that the matter should be left without debate for the managing gentlemen to decide as they choose, which is precisely what those gentlemen desire.

This organization of managers is complete and despotic. Political action, except as mere protest, is impracticable except through them. The chiefs are usually persons holding office—certainly none the worse for that reason—and their will is the party law. Their hold upon the mass of voters is the power of party spirit, the determination that the other side shall not succeed. This consideration, with the argument that men are not perfect and that we must do the best we can, enables the chiefs to carry out their plans. In the State of New York there are more than eight hundred thousand voters. This voting power is really wielded by a very few men. What is the inevitable result? It is that those who want votes will aim to please those who control the voters. They do not appeal to the general intelligence of the community, but to the personal and political interests of a few men. The apparent remedy for this extremely oligarchical practice, which has gradually overlaid our republican and popular theory, would seem to be the participation of every voter in the preliminary details of elections. But this is declared to be hopeless, because it implies that every voter can devote the same amount of time, the same kind of care and trouble and expense, to these details that the "politician" can. And this, it is alleged, it is absurd to expect, because it is the politician's trade and personal interest to do it, and it is only the general patriotic interest of the general voter. To say, therefore, that the only hope of relief from the condition we have described lies in a general attendance of the caucus and the primary meeting, is, according to this view, to take hope away.

Mr. Josiah P. Quincy, of Boston, stating the difficulty with great force and good humor, proposes in an essay upon the "Protection of Majorities," which he has recently published, that a gazette be statedly issued at public expense previous to an election, and that men of character and influence, and every body who can give good reasons, shall nominate in it a candidate whom they would support, and the grounds of their preference. This, he argues, would enable the community to know the views of its best men and natural leaders; and he believes so cordially in the American principle as to hold that the majority of a party, for instance, would be very likely to follow their natural leaders, who, as he thinks, are the men of known high character and ability in the party. Under the present system those natural leaders have often no chance of indicating their views. Mr. Quincy works out his theme clearly and with great cleverness, and his essay is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the discussion of the question how the people are to recover the control of the government. Of course, one obvious objection to the proposed method is that it could be adopted only with the consent of those whom it is designed to dethrone.

However, as it gradually becomes clearer to the intelligence of the country that the machinery of party defeats the purposes for which parties exist, that machinery will be adjusted. The actual situation, which is plainly seen by many and felt by more, is not yet perceived so widely and felt so generally as to produce the change. "Give them time, general," said General Thomas's aid, "and they will win the battle."

THE TRUE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

In a recent speech in the House, Mr. Lynch, of Mississippi, a colored Representative, said some things which deserve to be pondered by a larger audience than that which heard the speech or which reads the *Record*. Mr. Lynch's colleague, Mr. Singleton, a white Representative, reported the bill under discussion from the committee, and remarked in his speech that he was a Southern man, every inch of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. To this Mr. Lynch observed that he could have no objection, for he, too, was a Southern man by birth, education, inclination, and interest, although he knew that the word was generally applied to those white persons who lived south of Mason and Dixon's line before the rebellion. In reply to Mr. Singleton's remarks upon the taxes imposed by adventurers and carpet-baggers in the Southern States, Mr. Lynch said that his colleague could not have meant to include the State which in part he so ably represented, for he presumed his colleague knew that nine-tenths of the offices in the State of Mississippi are now, and ever since the war have been, held by Southern men to the manor born. Mr. Singleton interrupted the speaker to say that he knew exactly to the contrary. Mr. Lynch, undisturbed, and with perfect courtesy, remarked, amidst the laughter of the House, that he regretted his colleague was not better informed, and proceeded to show that the taxation which his colleague so deeply deplored, and which required the relief to be afforded by abolishing a few consulates, was very much less in 1875 under Republican than it was in 1865 under Democratic control.

But the significant part of his speech was that in which Mr. Lynch told his colleague what he believed to be the true remedy for the evils complained of in the Southern States. That remedy, he said, is a public opinion which will crush out mob law and enforce obedience to the laws of the country. "What we want in the South," said Mr. Lynch—and his testimony is of the highest value as a native of that section—"what we want in the South is a public opinion that will cause every man, wherever he may have been born, whatever may be his color, whatever his politics, to feel perfectly safe and secure in the exercise of his rights and privileges as an American citizen." What we want, he continued, is a public sentiment that will make White Leagues and Ku-Klux Klans and all such organizations impossible. The good men of the South of both races, he declared, must unite so as to render impossible the elevation to power of a class of men who create confusion, stir up strife, and keep the country unsettled. He insisted that Mr. Singleton's party must tolerate an honest difference of opinion upon political questions. In a word, he summed up the political necessity in the Southern States by saying, forcibly, "We want his party to pursue a policy that will convince the colored voters that their identification as a mass with any one political organization is no longer a matter of necessity."

These words are worthy of careful attention. If immigrants will not turn to the Southern States, if capital is reluctant to place itself there, if there is a constant cry of depression and of oppression, how can any man wonder? Without confidence there can be no general and real prosperity, and how can there be confidence without a general sense of security? This is the real Southern question. And the test of Southern manhood is its capacity to deal with it, and to establish and maintain that security. If the better part of the white population in the Southern States can not see the cause of the difficulty, or cope with it with energy and intelligence, the difficulty will remain. The theory that "Federal interference," or carpet-baggery, or the Republican party, is chiefly responsible for the situation is futile. It was not the Revolution of '93 in France that was responsible for the guillotine; it was the long *régime* of injustice that made the Revolution which was responsible. And in the Southern States it is the feeling which Mr. Lynch describes, that identification with Republicans is a matter of necessity for the colored race, that produces the trouble.

And what is responsible for that feeling? Nothing but the treatment which ever since the war, more or less general, more or less cruel, the colored race has received, and which the old white element of the States has done so little to correct. If Mr. Singleton and his friends had been as furious with the White League and the Ku-Klux as they have been with the carpet-baggers, the situation would have been very much better than it is. Mr. Bruce, the colored Senator from Mississippi, has sharply declared that the Republicans have played false with his race; and unquestionably the conduct of many Republican politicians in the Southern States justifies his words. But even he would not suppose that the condition and prospects of that race would be improved under Democratic ascendency. The problem is not one to be settled easily, and it can be settled wisely only by those who hold, with Mr. Lynch, that "white men must be allowed to disagree upon political questions without being socially ostracized and destroyed in business; colored men must be convinced that they too can divide in political matters without running the risk of losing their rights and privileges under the government." It is because the conduct of the Democratic party shows that it does not hold that view that Republican prospects, if the party is wise, are so constantly brightening.

SECRETARY BRISTOW.

Mr. Bristow's bold, able, and vigorous warfare upon the Whisky Ring, with its amazing results of conviction and sentence and imprisonment of men recently of good repute, the searching and uncompromising prosecution of the work, although it has led to the indictment of the President's private secretary, with the personal silence and perfect freedom from ostentation of Mr. Bristow himself, have made a man hitherto little known to the general public as conspicuous as any man in the country. The impression which the Secretary has made by the sound and wise suggestions of his reports, and by his conduct in the exposure of a vast and complex system of frauds, is altogether favorable. At a time when the universal feeling is that one of the most threatening perils of the country is official corruption and the fatal demoralization that it breeds, Mr. Bristow suddenly appears engaged in a mortal struggle with thieves, skillfully and strongly intrenched, and whose fall seems to a foolish apprehension to involve the ruin of the political party with which he is associated. But if Republican prosperity depends upon winking at fraud, Mr. Bristow has made that prosperity impossible. The coolness, the tenacity, the sagacity, with which the work has been prosecuted, have been too much for the craft and the bribes of the convicted offenders. If any one thinks that Mr. Bristow's action has injured the Republican party, he forgets that Bristow is a Republican; that the President who said to him, "Let no guilty man escape," is a Republican; that the exposure, prosecution, and punishment of the criminals are due to Republican resolution and courage. If to attack a huge conspiracy, unmask it, scatter it, and recover its spoils to the country is to injure the party, Mr. Bristow has injured it. But not otherwise.

That a public officer of so high a position should have done such a work in so masterly a way and at this time, that he is a man of spotless character and a brave and most loyal volunteer soldier of the war, and that his administration of the Treasury has been very sagacious and satisfactory, have naturally made him conspicuous among those to whom Republicans look to select their Presidential candidate. His career and character are earnests of that aggressive honesty of administration which Republican sentiment demands. The very fact that the political traders and bummers are unfriendly to him is his credential to the confidence and enthusiastic favor of the mass of voters. The conviction that the atmosphere of such an Administration as his career typifies would be fatal to a thousand intolerable abuses and shames, commends him closely to the popular heart. His name as a candidate is to many Republicans the assurance that affairs would be lifted out of the old ruts, that a fresh vigor would be infused into them, and that Mr. Bristow is a new man in a new time, the especial representative of the spirit that should now characterize the government.

He is certainly among the very best candidates that have been mentioned for the nomination, and also among the most truly available. What Senator Sherman said of Governor Hayes is peculiarly true of Secretary Bristow, that he is free from weakening personal enmities and antagonisms, except those of the traders and bummers of which we have spoken, and which are his peculiar glory. He is one among a very few of the men mentioned from whom the choice should be made—one of the few upon whom the hope and faith and generous enthusiasm of the younger element of the party would be concentrated, because of his freedom from the necessity of explanation and defense.

There is, indeed, an objection arising from this very situation. The Presidency, as we have often said, should be the reward of conspicuous and valuable public services—services which prove and illustrate to the whole country the fitness and competence of the candidate for so great a responsibility. Such services necessarily imply the lapse of time, and the existence of hostility, and consequent slander, which in turn necessitate and justify explanation and defense. The tendency of our system of elections is, however, to the selection of "available" candidates, that is, of men who have not been so conspicuous or who have not taken so decided a part as to excite opposition. But Mr. Bristow, if not very distinguished by a long series of eminent services which have made him familiar to the public mind, is, on the other hand, not to be condemned as merely "available" because he is now unknown, or because he has hesitated to take a positive position. Among the possible or the probable candidates there are none who are more clearly seen to possess some of the qualities, at least, which the best sentiment of the country at this time demands in the President, and therefore he is among those who are most available in the truest sense.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR DEBATE.

An attentive reader of many of the speeches in the debate upon the reduction of diplomatic and consular salaries would suppose that, because some ministers have sometimes written in their dispatches what might wisely be omitted, the system of diplomatic representation in other countries should be abolished. Mr. Monroe very well said, in reply, that if Congress were to be judged in the same way, by the follies that appear in the *Record*, it ought logically to share the fate of the legations. The truth is that the Democratic leaders find it necessary to propose some kind of retrenchment, and the foreign ministers to the "monarchies," which received a great many severe taunts and thrusts in the discussion, are a convenient target. The debate is by no means new. On the contrary, it is very familiar. But it has this peculiarity, that the Democratic proposition is to reduce the chief salaries to a sum decidedly lower than that adopted by the Democrats twenty years ago. General Garfield referred to the debate of that time, in which the whole system was thoroughly considered. It appeared that the majority of our foreign ministers were wretchedly underpaid, and the salary for the highest grade was fixed at $17,500, which was considered but a fair and respectable compensation twenty years ago. Now, when in many countries the cost of living has more than doubled since that time, it is proposed to reduce it to $14,000.

The retrenchment of the Democrats contemplates a reduction of about $435,000 on an aggregate of about $1,350,000. Of the whole amount saved by abolishing six missions and forty-four consulates, and reducing salaries, $174,000 are to come from the diplomatic and $260,000 from the consular service. Mr. HEWITT, a Democratic member from New York, opposed the consular reduction in a careful speech, and General GARFIELD opposed the whole in a speech full of trenchant facts. Mr. HEWITT, however, made the remarkable statement that, while he had no difference with the committee in regard to the diplomatic salaries, candor compelled him to state that they are certainly inadequate to meet the legitimate expenses of our ministers. If that be so, we should think that Mr. HEWITT would have felt that a sense of justice required him to propose the abolition of the missions or to oppose the reduction. Why does he support or acquiesce in a measure which deprives American representatives of a fair compensation for their legitimate expenses? It may be true, as he suggested, that the positions were so desirable that there were always rich and cultivated men who would gladly take them. But does Mr. HEWITT—so sound a Democrat as he is—really think that money should be the qualification for a foreign minister? for that is what it would come to. If the argument for reducing the salaries below a legitimate living rate be sound, it is really an argument for the abolition of the missions. If our foreign ministers are merely idle, useless, and expensive, let us have none. But if we have them, let us pay them enough to live in a way which will enable them to command the social advantages which are indispensable to successful diplomacy.

During the debate Judge KELLEY very properly disposed of one of the hack stories of politics, full of insult to the intelligence of the American people, that a Mr. OGLE, of Pennsylvania, known for nothing else, overthrew VAN BUREN'S Administration by describing his splendid entertainments and his gold spoons. MARTIN VAN BUREN fell by causes of rather more importance than the kind of spoons he used. Among those causes was the deep discontent growing out of the panic of 1837; and if, as Mr. THURMAN recently said, a third of the labor of the country is now practically unemployed, it is well for Republicans to reflect upon 1837, and remember that it was not VAN BUREN'S spoons that elected HARRISON. Mr. HEWITT showed from the statistics of our South American commerce, as compared with that with certain parts of Europe, that the argument of the supporters of the bill would require abolitions and consolidations of missions which were not suggested by the committee. In the countries with which we compete with Great Britain for trade, the consular reductions of the bill would leave us one hundred and seventy-nine consulates against two hundred and sixty-two maintained by Great Britain. So far, therefore, as the business controlled by eighty-three consulates is concerned, we surrender it to Great Britain. Instead of enlarging our foreign market, the bill reduces it, and by an obvious and necessary consequence tends to defer the resumption of specie payments.

The debate upon this bill was certainly not flattering to the ability of the majority in the House. The arguments in support of it were puerile and inconclusive; and could it become a law, the saving by it and the reduction of the West Point ration would be scarcely half a million of the thirty millions which Mr. RANDALL proposes. That some changes may be wisely made in the diplomatic and consular establishments is undoubtedly true. But they should be very deliberately made, and solely with a view to the benefit of the service, and not, as in this case, with a view to redeeming certain vague and general promises of retrenchment made for party purposes. The bill passed the House with practical unanimity, the meaning of which is that the need of some change is recognized. The Senate can amend or disagree only at the risk of causing the whole foreign appropriation to fail. But no attentive reader of the actual debate can fail to see two things very distinctly—the absorbing party desire of the majority to gain a cheap reputation for economy of the "people's money," and striking feebleness and incapacity in the way of doing it. This consular bill, with the light thrown upon it by General GARFIELD and Mr. HEWITT, will hardly be considered part of the redemption of the promise of "reform" which the country was said to expect of the Democratic majority.

NEW POSTAL RATES.

SINCE the Postmaster-General took office he has never ceased to show the instinct of a sagacious business man in his interest and efforts to reduce the annual deficit of his department without taxing more heavily the dissemination of intelligence. In this good work he has been faithfully seconded by Mr. BANGS, the retiring Superintendent of Railway Mail Service, and his successor, Mr. VAIL. There are, as is known, three classes of mail matter. The first consists of written correspondence—letters and postal cards; the second, of printed matter regularly sent from known offices of publication—newspapers, magazines, and reviews; the third class, of every thing else sent by mail, from miscellaneous printed matter and transient newspapers to wooden shoes and alligators. A table carefully prepared by Mr. BANGS shows that there is an annual profit upon the first-class matter of more than four millions of dollars. But on the second class the loss is nearly seven millions, and on the third class more than four millions. No one will quarrel with a loss upon the second class, which is really a tax willingly paid for the promotion of general intelligence, the advantage of which to the community can not be pecuniarily estimated. The important and difficult question is the treatment of the third-class matter.

It is sometimes urged that the mails should carry nothing but correspondence and newspapers and periodicals of every kind, leaving every thing else to be otherwise transported. But the general sentiment of the public has always been that, in the peculiar circumstances of this country, its great extent and spare population, all packages properly and reasonably portable by such a conveyance should be carried in the mails. But it does not follow that they should be carried at rates so low that they impose a serious public burden in the form of a large annual deficit. Mr. VAIL has estimated, from accurate data, the different proportions and weight of mail matter for different distances, with the cost of transportation, handling, and distribution of each pound of third-class matter from one mile to a thousand miles, and has thus obtained a basis for regulating the postage of that class. Mr. VAIL also points out various ingenious devices to take advantage of the second-class tariff, such as sending advertisements and circulars in the form of magazines to vast numbers of persons who are not subscribers. This is the explanation of the extraordinary periodicals which are seen upon the tables of country inns, containing a dozen pages of advertisement to one of very light literature. He therefore proposes a system of registry for genuine second-class matter.

The Postmaster-General, after full consideration, and with the estimates and facts before him, is preparing a new system for postage upon third-class matter, which will divide such matter into two classes, one containing transient newspapers and periodicals and all articles which are not strictly merchandise, to be carried at the present rate, and the other containing proper merchandise, to be carried according to weight and distance. The details of such a plan will, of course, require careful consideration, but the general principle seems to us sound, and we believe that will be the general opinion. It would be very unwise to propose to throw out of the mails every thing but written correspondence and newspapers. But, as we have often remarked, it is equally unwise not to discriminate in postage between a transient magazine and a bottle of Colorado potato bugs. When the question comes before Congress—and we hope there will be little delay, for here is an opportunity of reasonable saving—the suggestions of the department should be considered as those of experts, who have no object but public economy and convenience. And we trust that the subject will not be pushed along to the very end of the session, when its merits can not properly be weighed, and when we may expect some such rash and unpopular action as the increase of last year.

LITERARY.

IT has begun to dawn upon the educated minds of Europe that in the matter of school-books America is far ahead of the Old World, where conservative influences have resisted innovations and changes which our experience has shown to be great improvements on the old system of instruction. This has lately been conceded in a marked manner in the able report on the Educational Department of the recent Vienna Exposition, made by M. Buisson, Fellow of the University of France. The school-books exhibited by the Harpers and other American publishers attracted great attention, and were made a special study by those who are interested in popular education. From M. Buisson's report we find that no school-books excited more interest than Professor WILLIAM SWINTON'S admirable "Language Series," which he commends in emphatic terms. He says: "The medal 'for merit' decreed to the Messrs. Harper, of New York, invites special attention to a class of text-books for training in language, in which class we note the very original publications of Professor Swinton. His two lower books for primary schools [*Language Primer* and *Language Lessons*] are, as far as we know, the boldest and most methodical attempt to replace grammatical formalism by the living and concrete study of language. In the exercises given in these books the starting-point is not the isolated *word*, but always the *sentence* as the embodiment of a thought. In no case is an *a priori* definition laid down; on the contrary, illustrative examples are placed before the pupil, and by the examination of these he is led to form his own definition. Thus, for instance, in communicating a primary notion of the preposition, the teacher takes a book, and, placing it by turn *on*, *under*, *in*, *near*, *away from*, the table, asks in each case, Where is the book? What *relation* is there between book and table? In this way it is an easy task to convey the idea that the office of the preposition is to denote relationship. Again, take the method of resolving a sentence into its component members, and these again into primary and secondary parts; by the procedure set forth in these text-books the teacher gives the pupil the detached elements, and requires him to combine them into a whole. For example: 'Washington was commander-in-chief of the American army; Washington was born in Virginia; Washington was born in 1732; Washington caused the surrender of an English general; the place of surrender was Yorktown; the general was named Cornwallis, etc.: combine these propositions into a single sentence.' In the process of building the sentence the pupil will learn far better than by any formal definition the true nature of the personal pronoun, the relative, the participle, etc. This is the spirit that vivifies these books, and their execution is marked by extraordinary tact. There is a most serviceable exercise of which the author makes great use. The task being done, the pupils are required to exchange papers and criticise their mates' papers with reference to spelling, punctuation, style, and thought, in a short letter addressed to the teacher. Several models of such letters of criticism are given in these books. We may further observe that practical composition in every case follows the statement of principles, and the pupil works his own way into grammar by the actual handling of speech. Swinton's method is the inductive method applied with wonderful skill to the study of the mother-tongue."

PERSONAL.

MR. DISRAELI, as he enters the House of Commons, is thus sketched by Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY: "It is curious to observe the little pause which Mr. DISRAELI makes at the bar of the House before he ventures on the task of walking up the floor to his seat on his ministerial bench. Evidently he still loves to show an appearance of jaunty and youthful vigor as he passes up the floor under every eye.' So he stops for a moment at the bar and steadies himself, as you sometimes see a man who has drunk too much endeavor to steady himself before crossing a street; he surveys the distance, makes perhaps a little false start or two, and then goes at it. The attempt is usually very successful—a little too well done, perhaps, for reality, but with a sort of determination and self-mastery that show how much it costs to be young and jaunty still."

—An exchange comes to us with the following item of literary intelligence: "The oddest literary partnership yet reported is that of the Hon. D. A. WELLS, the noted political economist, and THOMAS NAST. The former is writing a story for the latter to illustrate."

—Mr. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, senior partner of the well-known London publishing house, was recently, at the annual reunion of the members and employés of the firm, presented with a statuette of himself in marble, and an address on vellum signed by all the subscribers to the statuette. Mr. MACMILLAN is not an old man, by any means, but he is one of the most kindly and enthusiastic of publishers, takes a personal interest and pride in the authors whose works he gives to the world, and he is esteemed as if he were a Highland chieftain. So say the literary papers of London.

—Senator LOGAN has written a play, which was recently performed in private in Washington, entitled *Experiences in the Life of a New Congressman.* It introduces thirteen characters, among them office-seekers, newspaper reporters, and other persons with whom Congressmen are supposed to be familiar.

—One of the notable men in the British House of Commons is Sir WILFRID LAWSON—very bright, very pugnacious, an out-and-out cold-water man, and a great turfman. Recently he reviewed the session to his constituents, and said, "If he desired to speak spitefully, he would say that they had restored purchase in the army, made a bishop, and driven Mr. PLIMSOLL mad. Since Parliament rose, they had employed themselves in making peers, sinking iron-clads, and catching fugitive slaves."

—Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has announced to the trustees of the Astor Library his intention of personally giving $10,000 for the purchase of additional books. It is estimated by the trustees that the value of the property belonging to the library, after the payment of the late WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S bequest, will exceed $1,000,000.

—JOHN MACGREGOR, the "Rob Roy of the Jordan," has given to the poor $40,000, the proceeds of his lectures on his adventures.

—The Hon. and Rev. Professor SEELYE, M.C. from Massachusetts, and one of the cleverest men in the House, has ciphered it out that it costs the government $1,000,000 to kill an Indian, and $2000 a year to keep him alive. Yet General SHERIDAN persists in the axiom that "the only *good* Indian is a dead Indian."

—During a recent visit of the late REVERDY JOHNSON to Washington, an old friend rallied him upon a remark which Judge GRIER made to him after he had finished an argument before the Supreme Court. The judge used to indulge in an occasional cat-nap, but on this occasion the stentorian tones in which Mr. JOHNSON had delivered his argument had prevented the enjoyment of the usual luxury, and he said, "JOHNSON, I wish you wouldn't speak so very loud when you argue cases before this court. I can't snooze a moment."

—In a recent issue of the *Weekly* it was stated that "the oldest living graduate of Union College is HENRY EDSON, of Troy, New York, who was graduated in the class of 1809." A gentleman in Rhinebeck corrects us by saying that the oldest living graduate of that institution is the Rev. JOHN HENDRICKS, of Rhinebeck, New York, who was graduated in the class of 1803.

—When elected President, WASHINGTON was 57; JOHN ADAMS was 62; JEFFERSON, 54; MADISON, 60; MONROE, 59; JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 58; JACKSON, 61; VAN BUREN, 54; HARRISON, 67; TAYLOR, 64; POLK, 49; PIERCE, 48; BUCHANAN, 65; LINCOLN, 51; GRANT, 46.

—A Mr. ROLFE, of England, a descendant of the ROLFE who married POCAHONTAS, has informed the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia that he has forwarded, as a present to the State, a copy of an original portrait of the Indian princess in his possession. It will be placed in the State Library.

—The clever gentleman who does the New York correspondence of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says that Mr. O'CONOR will never practice in court again, but he will go down as soon as possible, for an in-door life is not for him, and then there is really nothing in his home to be attractive. It is the house of a childless widower, and though his sister, Mrs. M'CRACKEN, does all in her power to make it cheerful, it has never been a home to its owner. He has found his true home in his profession. He is a living system of jurisprudence, a walking law library, a perpetual court of high causes, a microcosm of human statutes, a universe of forensic disputation, and a high grand priest of the temple of thieves. Such a man will never find rest in a quiet parlor ten miles from the court-house.

—Decidedly the most graphic sketch of George Eliot, whose story, *Daniel Deronda*, has just been commenced in *Harper's Magazine*, is the following, taken from EDMUND YATES'S London *World:* "A slight presence, of middle height, as the height of women goes; a face somewhat long, whose every feature tells of intellectual power, lightened by the perpetual play of changing expression; a voice of most sympathetic compass and richness; a manner full of a grave sweetness, uniformly gentle and intensely womanly, which proclaims the depth of the interest taken in ordinary and obscure things and people; conversation which lends itself as readily to topics trivial as to topics profound, and which is full of a humor—as, indeed, are her writings—that is redeemed from sarcasm by its ever-present sympathy: such is a rough and imperfect sketch of George Eliot, as she may be seen when she is occupied with her Sunday receptions in her pleasant home near Regent's Park. Far from strong in health, she feels the effort of authorship so severely, the interest which she takes in the development and the destiny of the creations of her brain, who might be better described as the generalizations from her own personal knowledge and experience, is so painfully and absorbingly deep, that she is unequal to the task of going very generally or very much into society. So thoroughly does she think out her books, even to the structure of her sentences, before she commences to write them, that, unlike DICKENS, though like THACKERAY, her manuscript displays scarcely an erasure or a blot."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Senate, February 14, by a vote of 30 to 24, passed the bill for the prevention of cruelty to cattle while in transit by railroad.—On the 15th, the Senate passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, which appropriates $28,400,000. On the same day, the House of Representatives appropriated $315,000 for repairing, arming, and improving the harbor defenses of the United States.—On the 16th, the new bill reforming the judiciary of the United States was reported to the House of Representatives.

The Centennial Appropriation Bill was signed by the President February 16.

Representative Cox, of New York, has been elected Speaker *pro tem.* of the House of Representatives, Speaker Kerr being absent on account of ill health.

The State Senate has passed a bill providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the affairs of the State-prisons.

Severe and damaging floods have recently occurred in Indiana.

An explosion occurred in a coal mine, at West Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 12, by which four men were killed and several wounded.

P. N. Rubenstein has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged March 24.

A bill abolishing the death penalty has passed the Maine Legislature.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported in Berlin that the governments of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia will combine with Germany against China to compel that power to make restitution for a German schooner plundered by Chinese inhabitants off Foo-Chow.

A dispatch from Berlin says that Herr Von Luck, the prosecuting counsel, has applied for the seizure and sequestration of Count von Arnim's estate and property. The announcement of the charge of treason caused a profound sensation.

The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has sent a memorandum, dated February 3, to the Spanish representatives abroad, to be read to the foreign ministers, which declares that the Cuban insurrection is not led by natives, but by foreign adventurers.

In the British House of Commons, February 14, the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered a resolution asking for £4,080,000 to pay the Khedive for the Suez Canal shares recently purchased by England.

Mr. Robert Henry Hurst, Liberal, elected member of the British House of Commons in December last, has been unseated for alleged bribery in his election.

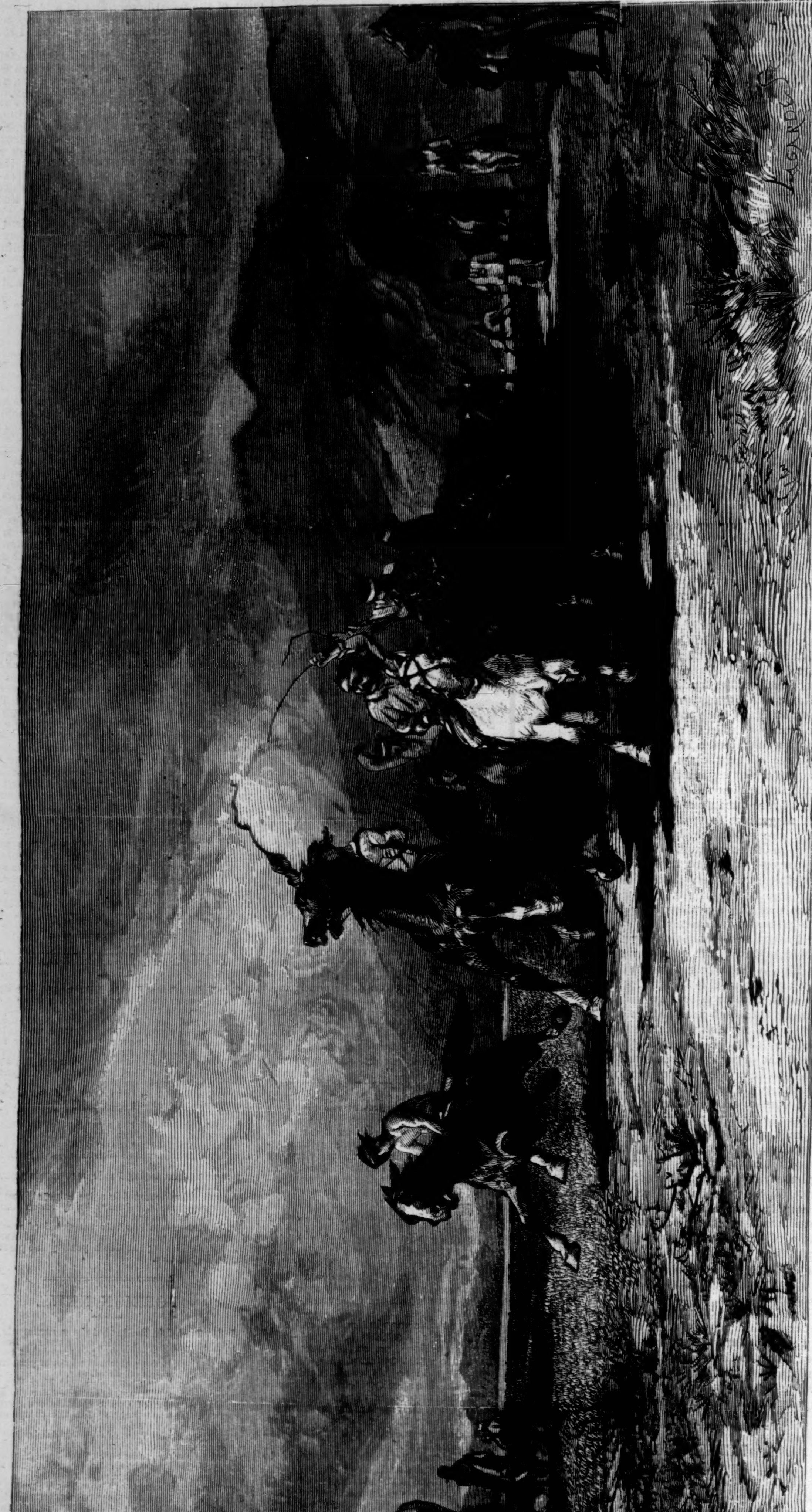
The steamer *Strath-Clyde*, of Glasgow, was sunk off Dover, February 17, by coming in collision with the Hamburg steamer *Franconia*, fifty-two persons being drowned.

E. D. Winslow, the Boston forger, was arrested in London February 15.

The Carlists were completely defeated by General Quesada, at Elguela, February 13.

The Sultan of Turkey has signed the decree granting the Andrassy reforms to the people of the insurgent provinces.

The Pope has granted dispensation for the celebration of the marriage of a Protestant lady and an officer of the Catholic Church, thus breaking a rule before kept by him.



"A SCRUB-RACE ON THE PLAINS."—[Engraved for "Harper's Weekly" from the Picture by J. D. Smillie in the Water-color Exhibition.]

"A SCRUB-RACE ON THE PLAINS."

Among the many excellent pictures now on view at the Water-color Exhibition in the New York Academy of Design, none has attracted more attention than the one of which we herewith present an engraving, "A Scrub-Race on the Plains." The subject is original, the treatment spirited, and full of fire and motion. The scene so admirably depicted by the artist's pencil can not be better described than in Mr. **Smillie**'s own words, extracted from an article written by him for *Picturesque America*. The particular race of which he writes took place in the Yosemite Valley.

"Hardly less nomadic or vagabond in character than the Indians were those rough fellows that found their way into the valley as mule-men, peddlers, and all those other nondescripts that are to be found hovering between the lines of civilization and the outer world of lawlessness. To such the grand excitement of the place was horse-racing, and the time invariably on Sunday. Any thing that looked like a horse might be a racer, and as great a tempest of excitement could be raised over a scrub of a mustang as though it were a thorough-bred. One Sunday morning I strolled to the broad meadow between **Black**'s and **Hutchings**'s; at the opposite extremity, four or five hundred yards away, was a group of men. Drawing nearer, it was plain to be seen that they were intent upon the preliminaries of a horse-race. There were Indians, Chinamen, Mexicans, negroes, and very dark-colored specimens of white men. There was a confusion of tongues, through which came the clear ring of clinking gold and silver coins, for all were betting—many of them their last dollar. Several horses were being made ready for the race. The favorites were a sorrel and a roan, or 'blue horse.' All were very ordinary animals, and without the slightest training. There were no saddles. The riders, stripped of all superfluous clothing, bare-headed, barefooted, and some of them bare-backed, rode with only a sheep-skin or bit of blanket under them. Over the drawn-up knees and around the horse's body a surcingle was tightly drawn, binding horse and rider into one. Judges, starters, and umpires were selected, and positions taken. The word was given; the horses plunged, started, 'bucked.' Again they started; again the sorrel bucked. An unlimited amount of profanity expressed the impatience of the crowd. The 'blue horse' was now largely the favorite.

"'Now, boys, don't holler when the horses is comin', 'coz, you know, the blue horse might fly the track; then whar's yer pile?'

"'No, don't holler!' 'We won't holler!' went up in one unanimous shout.

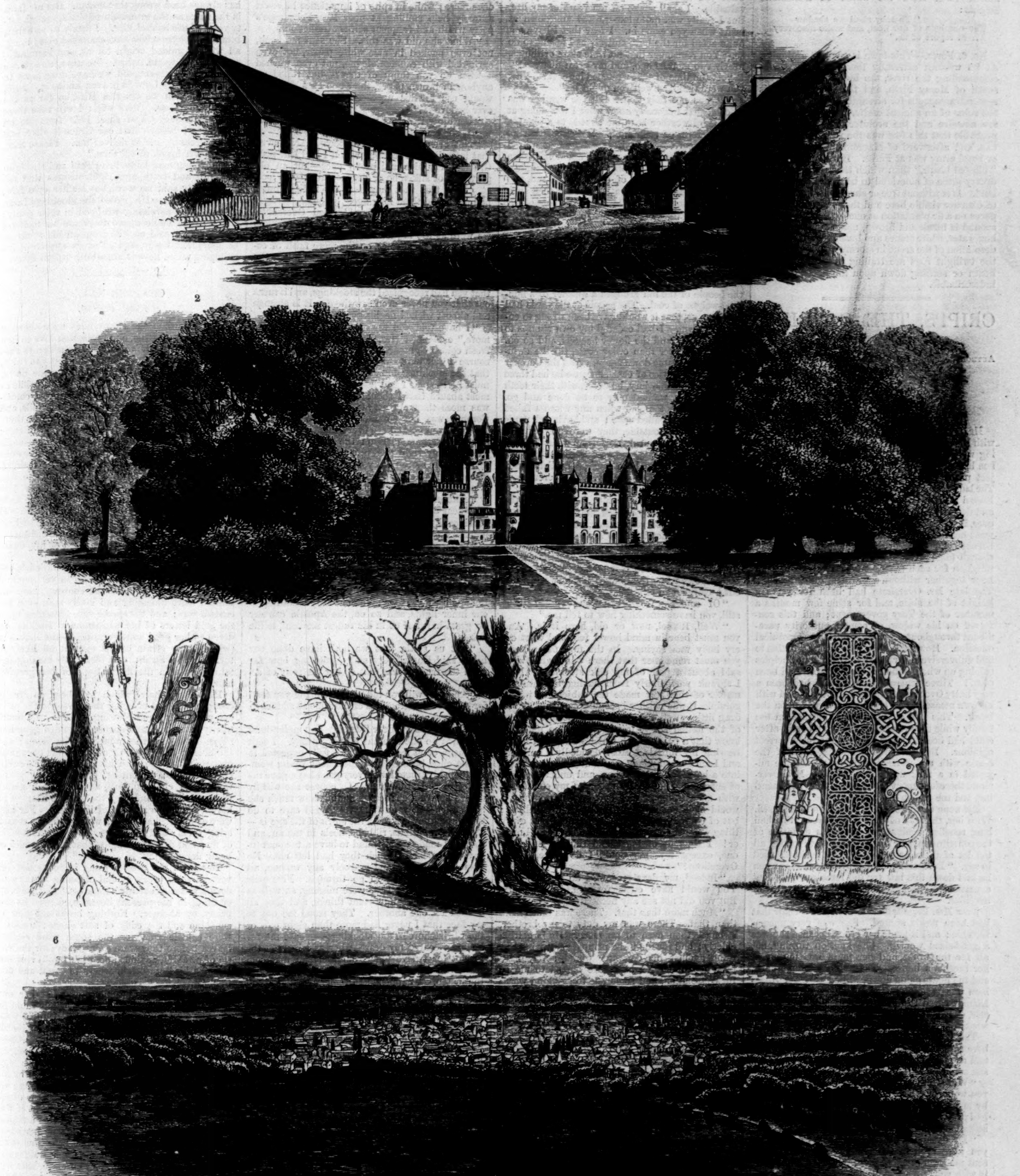
"At last they came—a cloud of dust, rattling hoofs, and frantic riders plying their whips right and left over the struggling brutes under them. On they came; the squatting crowd sprang to their feet, and up went one simultaneous yell; on they came, the crowd capering, screaming, and 'hollerin' like so many madmen—all alike infected, the stoical Indian as well as the mercurial Mexican. 'Now shet yer hollerin, men of mercury, or whar's yer pile?' The blue horse led, and in a cloud of dust all dashed by. It was a whirlpool of excitement, the stake being the vortex. Round and round they went—shouts, laughter, and profanity—one wild, incoherent Babel, losers and winners alike undistinguishable. Their hot temperaments found the excitement they craved, and the losers were rewarded in its drunkenness."

THE COUNTRY OF MACBETH.

The artist has given us on the following page a series of sketches from a land that, although it may have been the scene of stirring historical events, perhaps owes the greater part of its fame to the immortal drama of **Shakspeare**.

No. 1. The Village of Glamis.—This small town, whose name is pronounced as though it were a single syllable, rhyming with *aims*, is one of the most beautifully situated in all Scotland. Surrounded by hills and imbosomed in rocky woods, its peaceful air is strangely at variance with the terrible tragedies of which it was the scene. In the tenth century it was the home of the Scottish kings, and the whole neighborhood abounds with antiquities of the time of **Duncan**, **Malcolm**, and **Macbeth**.

No. 2. Glamis Castle.—Previous to 1372 a small castle two stories high stood upon this same spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, and within view of Birnam Hill. Tradition asserts this old stronghold to have been the occasional residence of **Macbeth**. Here the kings were accustomed to dwell, and here **Malcolm** II. died in 1033. From an old print of the castle, it seems to have been a quadrangular mass of buildings, with several circles of defense. Considerable alteration was made in the seventeenth century, when the semicircular tower was added. This tower contains a magnificent spiral staircase, said to be the work of **Inigo Jones**. The central tower and cluster of turrets are about a hundred feet in height, and round the first a fine iron railing was placed in 1682. The castle as it appears now is a magnificent edifice, containing a hundred rooms. In the older parts of the building many of the walls are fifteen feet in thickness. Among the antiquities preserved within it is the bed upon which **Malcolm** is said to have slept. In another apartment is an ancient bedstead of later date than the first, said to have been occupied for a single night by the Pretender, when on his way to Scone Palace in 1715. Many superstitions are gathered round the place. One is the existence of a secret room, which no one has ever been able to discover; another is the apparition of a kilted earl; and a third, the ghost of a white lady that haunts the roadway seen in the engraving, when the nights are wild and stormy. But the most inter-



1. The Village of Glamis. 2. Glamis Castle. 3. Hunter's Wood Stone. 4. Manse Garden Stone. 5. Oak in Birnam Wood. 6. Fores, with Macbeth's "Blasted Heath."

THE COUNTRY OF MACBETH.

esting portion of Glamis Castle to the visitor is the comparatively modern chapel. Here are some of the most beautiful treasures of art in Scotland. The ceilings were decorated by the famous Dutch painter **JACOB DE WITT**, who painted the portraits of the kings in Holyrood Castle. The larger panels contain a full and distinct story of our blessed Saviour. The smaller ones contain representations of the "angels as in the skie." The altar-piece shows the Crucifixion, and over the door-piece is the Ascension. The Twelve Apostles are ranged about the walls in as full stature as the panels will permit.

No. 3. Hunter's Wood.—This forest is supposed to have been the scene of the murder of King **MALCOLM**, grandfather to **DUNCAN** whom **MACBETH** assassinated. The stone in the engraving is said to mark the spot where the tragedy occurred. Situated close to a giant fir-tree, it measures five feet two inches in height and two feet four inches in breadth. It evidently belongs to the eleventh century, and was once most elaborately sculptured all over the surface. The carving is nearly obliterated now, the only clearly distinguishable figure remaining being that of a serpent.

No. 4.—According to tradition, **MALCOLM** was buried in the village of Glamis. A stone resembling that in Hunter's Wood stands in the garden of the Rev. **JOHN STEVENSON**, and is supposed to mark the grave. This monument is nine feet two inches in height and four feet two inches in breadth, and is ornamented with devices similar to those upon the other, but in a better state of preservation. The carving upon the front can be seen in the engraving. On the other side are representations of a fish, a circle, and a serpent.

No. 5. Birnam Wood.—The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Between them now runs the railway from Perth to Glamis. The two old trees, which are believed to be the last of Birnam Wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits among the heath, ferns, and mosses which clothe its sides, traces of the ancient fort which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that **DUNCAN** held his court here. The Dunsinane hills are visible at a distance of twelve miles from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march toward Dunsinane, would be likely to pause to survey the plain which he must cross, and from this spot would the leafy screen devised by **MALCOLM** become necessary to conceal the number of the hostile force from the watch on Dunsinane heights:

> "Thereby shall we shadow
> The numbers of our host, and make discovery
> Err in report of us."

No. 6. Fores.—This town is of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the south of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are massive and the architecture Saxon. It is probable that this fort was the residence of Duncan, and afterward of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Fores. Here is the famous "blasted heath," than which there is not a more dreary piece of moorland to be found in all Scotland. It is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog water, white stones and bushes of furze. The desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUITE ANOTHER PAIR OF SOCKS!

Mr. Overshute had always been on good terms with Mrs. Fermitage, his "advanced ideas" marching well with her political sentiments, so far as she had any. And upon a still more tender subject peace and good-will throve between them. The lady desired no better suitor for her niece than Russel Overshute, and had labored both by word and deed to afford him fair opportunity. Moreover, it was one of her great delights, when time went heavily with her, to foster a quiet little fight between young Russel and his mother. Those two, though filled with the deepest affection and admiration for each other, could scarcely sit half an hour together without a warm argument rising. The late Mr. Overshute had been for years a knight of the shire, and for some few months a member of the Tory government; and this conferred on his widow, of course, authority paramount throughout the county upon every political question. How great, then, was her indignation to find subversive and radically erroneous principles coming up where none but the best seed had been sown! Three generations ago there had been a very hasty Overshute; but he had been meted with his own measure, and his balance struck upon the block. This had a wholesome influence on the family while they remembered it; and child after child had been brought up with the most correct opinions. But here was the young head of the house with a stiff neck, such as used to be adjusted in a nick upon Tower Hill. Mrs. Overshute therefore spent much of her time in lamenting, and the rest in arguing.

For none of these things Mrs. Fermitage cared. With her, the idea of change was free. She had long rebelled against her brother's dictation of the constitution, and believed they were rogues, all the lot of them, as her dear good husband used to say. "Port-wine Fermitage" went too far when he laid down this law for the females. Without a particle of ill-meaning, he did a great deal of mischief.

Now Mrs. Fermitage sat well up in a chair that had been newly stuffed. She was very uncomfortable; and it made her cross, because she was a good-sized woman. She kept on turning, but all for the worse, and her mind was uneasy at her brother's house. The room was gone dark, and the lights going down, while Miss Mary Hookham was reveling in the mansion of the carrier. Nobody cared to hurry for the sake of any body else, of course; and Mrs. Fermitage could not see what the good of all her money was.

The lady was all the more vexed with others, because her own conscience was vexed with her; and as Overshute came with his quick, firm step, she spoke to him rather sharply.

"Well, Russel Overshute, there was a time when you would not have left me to sit in this sad way by myself all the evening. But that was when I had pretty faces near me. I must not expect such attentions now."

"My dear Mrs. Fermitage, I had no idea that you were even in the house. The good Squire sent me a very nice dinner; but you did not grace it with your presence."

"And for a very good reason, Russel. I have on my mind an anxiety which precludes all idea of eating."

"Oh, Mrs. Fermitage, never say that. You have been brought up too delicately."

"Russel, I believe that is too true. The world has conspired to spoil me. I seem to be quite in a sad position, entirely for the sake of others. Now look at me, Russel, and just tell me what you think."

Overshute always obeyed a lady in little things of this kind. He looked at Mrs. Fermitage, which really was a pleasant thing to do; and he thought to himself that he never had seen a lady of her time of life more comfortable, nicely fat, and thoroughly well dressed and fed.

"My opinion is," he proceeded, with a very pretty salam and smile, "that you never looked better in your life, ma'am. And that is a very great deal to say."

"Well, Russel, well," she answered, rising in good old fashion and courtesying; "your opinions have not spoiled your manners, whatever your dear mother may say. You always were a very upright boy; and you always say exactly what you think. This makes your opinion so valuable. I shall shake off ten years of my life. But I really was quite low-spirited and down at heart when you came in. I fear that I have not quite acted for the best, entirely as I meant to do so. You remember that horrible state of things, nearly two months ago, and my great distress?"

"At the time of that wretched inquest? Yes; you were timid, as well you might be."

"It was not only that. But the weather was so cold, that I scarcely knew what I was doing at all. Hard weather is to me as it is to a plant, a delicate fern, or something. My circulation no longer is correct, even if it goes on at all. I scarcely can answer for what I am doing when they put me into cold rooms and bitter draughts. I feel that the organs of my face are red, and that every one is looking at me. And then such a tingle begins to dawn through the whole of my constitution, that to judge me by ordinary rules is barbarous and iniquitous."

"To be sure! to be sure!" answered Overshute, laying one finger on his expressive nose, and wondering what was next to come.

"Yes, and that is the manner in which justice is now administered. The canal was frozen, and the people of the inn grudged a quarter of a hundred-weight of coal. The people at the yards had put it up so, that it would have been wrong to encourage them. I had ordered my own stumps to be burned up, and the flower baskets, and so on. Any thing rather than order coals, till the swindling dealers came down again. And the Coroner sided with the price of coals, because he had three top-coats on. The jury, however, with their teeth all chattering, wanted only to be done and go. They were only too glad when any witness failed to answer when called upon; and having all made up their minds outside, they were shivering to declare them. I speak now from what I heard afterward."

"You speak the bare truth, Mrs. Fermitage. You have the best authority. The foreman is your chimney-sweep."

"Yes; and that made him feel the cold the more. But you should see him on a Sunday, Russel. He is so respectable, and his nails so white. I will not listen to a word against him; and he valued my custom, on his oath he did. 'What verdict does missus desire?' he asked. And he made all the rest go accordingly. Nobody knows what they might have sworn, without a clever man to guide them."

"Of course. What can you expect? But still, you have something new to tell me."

"Well, Russel, new or old, here it is. And you must bear in mind how I felt, and what every body was saying. In the first place, then, you must remember that there was a great deal said about a pair of my silk stockings. Now I shrank particularly from having an intimate matter of that sort made the subject of public gossip. It was neither becoming nor lady-like to drag little questions of my wardrobe into the eye of the nation so. Already it was too much to know that a pair of such articles had been found bearing my initials. Most decidedly I refused, and I am sure any lady would do the same, to go into a hard, cold witness-box, and under the eyes of some scores of males proclaim my complicity with such things. If I had seen it my duty, I would have endeavored to conquer my feelings; but of course I took it all for granted that every thing was too clear already. And my dear brother! I thought of him; and thought of every one, except myself. Could I do more, Russel Overshute?"

"Indeed, my dear madam, I do not see how. You would have come forward, if necessary. But you did not see any necessity."

"Much more than that. There was much more than that. There was my duty to my brother, stronger than even to my niece. He is getting elderly; and for me to be printed as proving any thing against his daughter would surely have been too much for him. He looked to me so for consolation, and some one to say kind words to him, that to find me in evidence against him might have been his death-blow. No consideration for myself or my own feelings had the weight of a rose leaf with me. In the breach I would have stood, if I had followed my own wishes. But my duty was to curb myself. You are following me, Russel, carefully?"

"Word for word, as you say it, madam; so far as my poor wits allow."

"Very well, then. I have made it quite clear. That is the beauty of having to explain to clever people."

"I thank you for the compliment," replied Overshute, with a puzzled look; "but I have not earned it; for I can not see that you have told me any thing that I did not know some weeks ago. It may be my stupidity, of course; but I thought that something had occurred quite lately."

"Oh yes, to be sure! It was only to-day. I meant to have told you that, first of all. I was grossly insulted. But I am so forgiving, that I had forgotten it—quite forgotten it, until you happened to speak of it. A peculiarly insolent proceeding on the part of poor Mrs. Sharp, it appears—or, perhaps, some one for her; for every body says that she really now has no mind of her own. She did not write me one single line, although I had written politely to her; and she sent me a message—I am sure of it—too bad to be repeated. No one would tell me what it was; which aggravates it to the last degree. I assure you I have not been so upset for years; or, at any rate, not since poor Grace was lost. And about that, unless I am much mistaken, that very low, selfish, and plotting person knows a great deal more than we have ever dreamed. It would not surprise me in the least, especially after what happened to-day, to find Mrs. Sharp at the bottom of all of it. At any rate, she has aroused my suspicion by her contemptible insolence. And I am not a person to drop a thing."

"Why, what has she done?" asked Overshute once more; while in spite of impatience he could scarcely help smiling at poor Mrs. Fermitage's petty wrath and frequent self-contradiction.

"What she did was this. She sent me back, not even packed in nice white paper, not even sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne, not even washed—what do you think of that?—but rolled up anyhow in brown paper, the same as a drayman would use for his taps—oh, Russel, would you ever believe it!"

"Certainly it seems very unpolite. But what was it she sent back to you?"

"Not even the article I expected. Not even that ingredient of costume which I had lent poor Gracie—very nice and pretty ones—but an old gray pair of silken hose, disgraceful even to look at. It is true that they bear my initials, but I had discarded them long ago."

"What a strange thing!" cried Overshute, flushed with quick excitement. "How reckless we were at the inquest! We had made up our minds without evidence, on the mere faith of coincidence. And you—you have never taken the trouble to look into this point until now—and now perhaps quite by accident! We were told that you had recognized the stockings, and it turns out that you never even saw them. It is strange and almost wicked negligence."

"I have told you my motives. I can say no more," exclaimed Mrs. Fermitage, with her fine fresh color heightened by shame or anger. "Of course I felt sure—who could fail to do so?—that the stockings found with my name on them must be the pair I had lent my niece. It seemed most absurd that I should have to see them. It was more than my nerves could bear, and the Coroner was not so unmanly as to force me. Pray did you go and see every thing, Sir?"

"Mrs. Fermitage, I am the very last person who has any right to reproach you. I failed in my duty far more than you in yours. In a man, of course, it was a thousand times worse. There is no excuse for me. I yielded to a poor, unmanly weakness. I wished to keep my memory of the poor dear as I had seen her last. I should have considered that the poor frail body is not our true indentity—"

"Quite so, of course. And therefore what was the use of your going to see it? No, no; you behaved very well, Russel Overshute; and so did I, if it comes to that. Nobody can be quite blameless, of course; and we are told in the Bible not to hope for it. If we all do our duty according to our inner lights, and so on, the Apostle can say no great harm of us in his rudest moment, to the ladies."

"Let us settle that we both have done our best," said Russel, very sadly, knowing how far from the truth it was, but seeing the folly of arguing.

"And now will you tell me what made you send for those silk ingredients of costume so suddenly, and then show them to me?"

"With pleasure, dear Russel. You understand me, when no one else has any sympathy. I sent for them, or at least for what I fully expected to be the ones, because an impertinent young woman, foolishly trusted with very good keys, gave me notice to go last evening. Of course she will fly before I have a chance of finding how much she has stolen—they all take very good care to do that; and knowing what the spirit of the age is—dress, dress, fallals, ribbons, heels in the air, and so on—I made up my mind to have a turn-out to-day and see how much they had left me. No man can imagine, and scarcely any woman, all the vexations I had to go through. Five pair and a half of silk hose were missing, as well as a thousand more important things, and they all backed up one another. They stood me out to my face that I never had more than eight pair of the Christchurch-Tom stockings—excuse me for being so coarse, my dear—whereas I had got the receipt for twelve pair from the man that sold them with the big Tom bells on immediately above the instep. I happened to remember that I had lent my darling Gracie pair No. 12, numbered, as all of them were, downright. And so, to confound those false-tongued hussies, I came over here in search of them. Finding that they were not here—for the lawyers, of course, steal every thing—I was not going to be beaten so. I sent as polite a letter as, after her shameful rudeness, any lady could write, to Mrs. Luke Sharp—a poor woman who expected every half-penny of my dear husband's savings. How far she deserves them you have seen to-day. And sooner would I burn myself, like a sooty widow, with all my goods evaporating, than ever leave sixpence for her to clutch after such behavior. Russel, you will remember this. You are my executor."

"My dear Mrs. Fermitage, I pray you in no way to be excited. We have not heard all of the story, and we know that servants who are of a faithful kind exaggerate slights to their masters. It was one of the Squire's old servants who went. Your own would, perhaps, have known better. But now may I see the things Mrs. Sharp sent you?"

"You may. And you may take them, if you like. Or rather, I should say, that I beg you to take them. They ought to be in your custody. Will you oblige me by taking them, Russel, and carefully inspecting them? For that, of course, you must have daylight. Take them in the paper, just as they came, and keep them until I ask for them. They can be of no importance, because they are not what I lent to Gracie. Except for my name on them, I am sure that I never could have remembered them. They were darned in the days when I was poor. How often I wish that I still were poor! Then nobody wanted to plot against me, and even to steal my stockings! Oh, Russel, do you think they have murdered my darling because she was to have my money?"

"No, I think nothing of the kind. I believe that our darling Grace is alive; and I believe it tenfold since I saw these things. I am not very old in the ways of the world, and my judgment has always been wrong throughout. But my faith is the same as the grand old Squire's, though forty years of life behind him. I firmly believe that, blindly as we ourselves have managed every thing, all will be guided aright for us, and happiness, even in this world, come. Because, though we have done no great good, we have done harm to no one; and the Lord in heaven knows it. Also, He knows that we trust in Him, so far as the trouble allows us. Very well; I will take these stockings home. You shall hear from me on Monday. I believe that our Grace is alive, and God will enable me to deliver her. Please Him, I will never leave off till then."

The young man looked so grand and strong in his faith and truth and righteousness that the elderly lady said no word, but let her eyes flow, and kissed him. He placed the stockings in an inner pocket, carelessly wrapped in their paper; and he rode home apace to please his mother; and having a cold on him from all his wettings, he perspired freely, and at every stretch of his galloping horse he was absorbing typhus fever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUO SIBI BACULO.

In April, when the sunny buds were showing forth their little frills, and birds, that love to hop sideways and try the toleration of the sprays that they are picking at, were almost too busy to chirp, and hung as happily as possible upside down, shaking the flutter of young green lace, while at the same time (for it is a season of great coincidence) pigs reared aloft little corkscrew tails, and scorning their nose rings, employed them as thimbles for making a punch in the broidery of turf; also when—if the above is not enough—ducks and geese, and cocks and hens, and even the dogs (who regard green grass as an emetic mainly), were all, without knowing it, beginning to wag themselves as they walked or waddled, and to shine in the sun, and to look very large in their own eyes and those of their consorts; neither was there any man who could ride a horse, without knowing how—unless he first had starved him—at this young jump of the year and of life, Grace Oglander wanted to go for a walk.

She had not by any means been buried in the haunted quarry, neither had she as yet required burial in any place. On the contrary, here she walked more blooming and lovely than even her custom was; and the spring sun, glistening upon the gold letters of her tombstone at Beckley, ordered by her good aunt Fermitage—the same sun (without any strain of his eyes at all likely to turn him to a Strabo) was pleasantly making and taking light in the fluctuations of her growing hair.

Her bright hair (which had been so cruelly cropped), instead of being the worse for the process, was waving and glowing again in vast multiplicity of vigor, like a specimen golden geranium shorn, to double the number of its facets; and the blue in the spring of her eyes was enough to dissatisfy the sun with his own sky. However, he showed no discontent, but filled the young wood with cheerful rays, and the open glades with merriment, and even the sombre heart of laboring man with streaks of liveliness. For here were comforts that come in without the eye considering them; and pleasures which when thought of fly; and delicate delights that have no idea of being delightful.

Hereupon the proper thing is for something very harsh to break in, and discomfit all the wandering vision of earthly happiness. But the proper thing, in the present instance, showed its propriety by absence. Nothing broke the flow of sunshine and the eddy of soft shade; unless it were a little ruffle of the south wind seeking leaves before they were quite ready; or the rustle of a rabbit, anxious about his family; or flutter of a bird, uncertain where to stand and sing his best.

Grace (without a thought of what her own thoughts were, or whether she had any mind for thinking) rambled on, as a school-girl does when the hours of school are over. Every single fall or rise of nature's work was kind to her, and led her into various veins of inductive unphilosophy. The packing and storing of last year's leaves, as if exceeding precious, gathered together by the wind and land in some rich rustling corner; the fitting of these into one another (for fear of losing one of them) wonderfully compact, as if with the hammer of a gold-beater, or the unknown implement wherewith a hen packs up her hatched egg-shells; the stiff upstanding of fine young stuff, hazel, ash, and so on, tapering straight as a fishing rod, and knobbing out on either side with scarcely controllable bulges; over, and above, and throughout all, and sensible of their largeness, the spreading quietude of great trees, just breathing their buds on the air again, but not in a hurry (as in young days) to rush into perils of leafiness—pleased with all these proofs of soft revival and tender movement, the fair maid almost forgot her own depression and perplexities.

When howling winter was put to the rout and banished under-ground; and the weather, perhaps, might be hoped to behave as decently as an English spring, most skittish of seasons, should order it; and the blue ray of growth (which predominates then, according to the spectroscopists) was pouring encouragement on things green; how was a girl, in her own spring yet, to strive against all such influences?

At any rate Grace made no attempt to do any thing of the kind, but wandered, at her own sweet will, within the limits of her own parole. She knew that she was in seclusion here, by her father's command, for her own good; and much as she yearned, from time to time, to be at home, with all the many things she was so fond of, she was such a dutiful child, and so loving, that she put her own wishes by, and smiled and sighed instead of pouting. It could not be very long now, she was sure, until her father should come home, and call for her, as he had promised, and take her once more to beloved Beckley, after this mournful exile.

Full as she was of all these thoughts, and heeding her own ways but little, so long as she kept within the outer ring of fence allowed to her, she fell into a little stupid fright, as she called it afterward; for which there was no one but herself to blame. Only yesterday that good Miss Patch (her governess and sweet guardian) had particularly begged her to be careful, because the times were now so bad, that lawless people went every where. Miss Patch herself had heard several noises she could not at all account for; and while she considered it quite a duty to trace up every thing to its proper source, and absolutely confide in Providence, whose instrumentality is to be traced by all the poor instruments seeking it, still there are times when it can not be done; and then the right thing is to keep within sight or call of a highly respectable man.

This was exactly what Grace might have done, and would have done, but for the tempting day; for a truly respectable man had been near her, when first she began her little walk; a man whom she had beheld more than once, but always at a little distance; a tall stout man, according to her distant ideas of him, always busy in a quiet way, and almost grudging the time to touch his broad flapped hat without lifting his head when he saw her in the woodland. Grace had never asked him who he was, nor been within talking distance of him; at which she was almost surprised, when she thought how glad, as a rule, are all Oxfordshire workmen to have a good excuse for leaving off. However, she was far beyond him now, when she met another man who frightened her.

This was a fellow of dark complexion, dressed in a dirty fustian suit, and bearing on his shoulder a thick hedge-stake, from which hung a number of rabbit skins. His character might be excellent, but his appearance did not recommend him to the confidence of the public. Grace shrank aside, but his quick eyes had spied her; and, indeed, she almost feared from his manner that he had been on the watch for her. So she put the best face on it, and tried to pass him without showing any misgivings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to the *Academy*, Gustav Vylder, the Swedish traveler, intends to devote four years to the prosecution of African travel in the unknown regions to the north of Lake N'gami. His African collections, which are said to be of great value, have been deposited by him in the Natural History Museum of Stockholm, to which he has bequeathed them in the event of his death before his return to Europe.

Verkrüzen, who has been prosecuting zoological explorations in Northern Scandinavia, has lately returned to Frankfort, after an absence of three months spent in the Varsanger and other fiords, and around the North Cape. Notwithstanding the stormy weather, which interfered very greatly with his work, he succeeded in obtaining a very fine series of mollusks, of which some forms are remarkable for their size, compared with their representatives in more southern localities. He also obtained some good specimens of the winter clothing, etc., used by the Samoyeds and Finns, made from the skins of the reindeer.

The subject of the Alaska fur-seal fishery is one of considerable importance in view of the revenue derived by the United States from the Alaska Commercial Company for the rent of the islands. Since the lease to that company numerous complaints have been made from time to time of its management; and in 1874 an act was passed to appoint a commission to visit the North Pacific with a view of determining whether there are other localities where the fur seal can be found, and a clause was introduced directing the investigation by an officer of the navy into the management of their trust by the Alaska Commercial Company, and their treatment of the natives.

Mr. Henry W. Elliott was put in charge of the former object of the expedition, and Lieutenant Maynard was detailed for the latter. Mr. Elliott's report was published some time ago; that of Lieutenant Maynard has just made its appearance under a call from the House of Representatives of the 14th of December.

The Fish Commissioners of Minnesota have just issued their second annual report, through Dr. R. O. Sweeney, the chairman, giving an account of what they have done in the way of hatching out the eggs of California salmon, the Atlantic salmon, and the land-locked salmon, furnished to them by the United States Fish Commission, specifying also the localities in which the young were planted after being developed.

They propose to continue the work, if suitable provision can be made, until every lake and stream in the State shall be made to yield its full proportion of food. They estimate the water surface of the State to be over 1,600,000 acres; and making the very moderate allowance of a possible annual yield of ten pounds of fish to each acre, worth five cents per pound, the sum of $80,000,000 would represent the actual income to the State from this source, which equals more than a two years' yield of the wheat crop in Minnesota.

The Commissioners also propose to do what they can for the multiplication of the white-fish, Lake Superior trout, eels, etc.

Among the eminent foreigners whose presence as a member of the International Commission of the present year was expected is Professor Nordenskjöld, who has acquired so much reputation by the results of his recent explorations in the arctic seas, especially in that of the last summer, when he proceeded in the *Proven* to the mouth of the Yenisei, and then up that river and through Siberia, returning home to Sweden by way of St. Petersburg. We fear, however, that we shall not be permitted to welcome him on that occasion, as the sum of $15,000 has been recently offered by a gentleman of St. Petersburg to Professor Nordenskjöld, to meet the expenses of a scientific expedition and exploration of a commercial route from Northern Russia to Behring Strait, doubtless with the intention of visiting Wrangel's Land on the way, and of solving the problem of that mysterious region. Subscriptions also to the same amount have been made toward the expedition and the exploration of the Gulf of Obi, as well as the sea route between the Gulf of Archangel and the great rivers of Siberia. This it is proposed to place under Captain Wiggins, a well-known English arctic explorer.

Krupp, of Essen, the well-known cannon manufacturer of Germany, has invented a preparation which, under the name of silicate cotton, he considers to be a most admirable non-conductor. It is made from blast-furnace slag, and is in the form of a spongy or cotton-like fibrous elastic substance, and is so light that one ton will cover 560 square feet to a depth of two and a half inches. One of its advantages as a non-conducting covering for steam-boilers, heated pipes, etc., besides its absolute indestructibleness, is that it is very porous, and allows the ready passage of moisture, so as to show at once the existence and position of any leak. In application it is wrapped around the article, bound with wire, and covered with canvas.

A somewhat similar substance has been in use in the United States for the same purpose.

Letters from the *Challenger* dated Valparaiso, November 19, state that, leaving Honolulu on the 11th of August, a call was made at Hilo (Hawaii), and the crater of Kilauea explored. On the 19th the vessel proceeded to Tahiti, soundings and dredgings being carried on by the way, the average depth being 2800 fathoms, with a bottom of red clay. Oxide of manganese was brought up in large quantities, and many things of great interest to the naturalist. Several excursions were made on the island of Tahiti, the vessel sailing again on the 2d of October, reaching Juan Fernandez November 13. The average depth between the two points was 2162 fathoms. Valparaiso was reached on the 19th.

The Minister of Education of Austro-Hungary has authorized the building on a grand scale of a national observatory, which will be completed in 1877. It will be equipped in the most complete manner with a 26-inch equatorial by Grubb, of Dublin, a 12-inch equatorial by Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, besides meridian and portable instruments. The great activity in the direction of the study of celestial physics is also shown by the equipment of a new observatory at Oxford University for this purpose. Its instrumental outfit is very good, De la Rue having presented his fine reflecting telescope, and Grubb having completed for its use a 12½-inch achromatic, which is pronounced to be also a fine instrument. Besides these, other reflectors of De la Rue's manufacture are mounted and meridian instruments provided.

A very important astronomical undertaking will be completed within the present year in the publication, under the able editorship of Dr. R. Englemann, late assistant at the Leipsic Observatory, of a collection of the works of Bessel in three quarto volumes. The original memoirs of Bessel are scattered through many periodicals, a large number of which are hard to be obtained, and they are nearly all of classic value to the astronomer and to the student. Dr. Englemann has collected in these three volumes nearly every important paper of Bessel's, and has arranged them by topics, so that his writings on general spherical astronomy, on the theory of perturbations, on the theory of the motion of the bodies of the solar system, etc., are now to be consulted together. This publication suggests a hope that the works of Sir William Herschel may find an editor, so that reference to rare and valuable publications only possessed by large libraries may not be necessary.

The London Admiralty has just published the report of the proceedings of the *Valorous*, the vessel which accompanied the arctic search vessels, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, as a supply ship, giving at the same time the record of soundings obtained in Davis Straits, near Disco. The greatest depth recorded was 1860 fathoms, in latitude 57° 50′ north and longitude 47° 52′ west. The surface temperature ranged from 53° to 59°. The lowest deep-sea temperature observed was 33.04°.

The Academy of Sciences of California has lately memorialized the State Legislature for an appropriation for the continuation of the State Geological Survey, in which they call attention to the value of the volumes already printed, and the importance of publishing those that still remain to complete the series, as in the original plan by Professor Whitney. It is stated in this memorial that the field-work of the survey is very nearly finished, and that probably a single season would be all that would be required.

The importance of this series of reports as an educational agency in the State, the memorialists think, can not be overestimated, giving in a comparatively small number of volumes every thing necessary to furnish an acquaintance with the topography, geography, geology, mineralogy, zoology, and botany of the State, and in a series superior in value and beauty to that published by any other portion of the Union.

The Cincinnati Observatory, since its reorganization, under the charge of Mr. Ormond Stone, has again assumed a satisfactory position among kindred institutions in the United States. A School of Astronomy has been established, with quite a number of pupils. The double-star observations made by Professor Mitchell have been reduced, and are ready for the printer. They embrace between three and four hundred observations, made during the years 1846, 1847, and 1848. A series of double-star measurements has also been entered upon, restricted to those south of the equator, with a result of bringing to light quite a number of new close double stars.

The first annual report of the Chicago Botanical Garden has been published, giving an account of the progress of this commendable undertaking. At its organization on the 26th of December, 1874, Mr. H. N. Hibbard was elected president, and H. H. Babcock secretary and botanical director. Circulars were issued to various botanical gardens and to individuals, inviting co-operation, in response to which 3237 packages of seeds and bulbs and 775 species and varieties of living plants were received. The garden is located in the South Park, Chicago, where two and a half acres have been laid out in beds for the temporary reception of hardy plants. A plan has been prepared for the permanent arrangement of the entire ground. At the date of the report living specimens of ninety-five species of native plants had been placed in the garden, and seeds of 456 species collected in sufficient quantity for exchange.

In a letter addressed by Mr. Florentine Ameghino to *Gervais's Journal of Zoology*, he communicates the discovery of large numbers of fossil bones at a depth of thirteen feet in an undisturbed quaternary bed, near Mercedes, and about twenty leagues from Buenos Ayres. With these appeared great quantities of charcoal, baked clay, burned and scratched bones, arrow-points, knives and chisels of flint, and a large number of bones, belonging to some fifteen species of mammalia, which are for the most part extinct—among them *Holophorus ornatus*, *Holophorus burmeisteri*, *Lagostomus angustidens*, *Canis protalopex*, *Eutatus seguini*, and *Triodon mercedensis*.

In various places along the Rio Lugan, near Mercedes and Lugan, he found the bones of extinct species, worked by human hands, together with knives and stone implements of various kinds. The species identified by him are the *Mastodon humboldtii*, *Mylodon robustus*, *Ursus bonariensis*, *Pampatherium typus*, *Bos pampæus*, *Toxodon platensis*, *Lagostomus fossilis*, *Glyptodon elongatus*, *Vulpes fossilis*, *Equus curvidens*, and *Equus neogæus*.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1876.

Sunday,	5.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

APRIL.

Sunday,	2.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	9.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	14.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

There is no diminution in the attendance upon the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in this city. Rain and storm do not prevent the great multitudes who wish to see and hear from thronging the Hippodrome. Mr. Moody has gained favor by the good judgment which he has shown in his management both of the people and himself. When he said, in one of his addresses, "I want no false excitement," the expressions of approval were quite noticeable. The noonday prayer-meetings are well attended, many of the ministers of the city being present at each.

On Sunday, February 13, the entire attendance was estimated to be from 20,000 to 25,000. At eight o'clock in the morning a meeting for Christians was held, the admission being by ticket. There were over 4000 persons in the audience at that early hour. The meeting lasted three-quarters of an hour, and closed promptly at a quarter before nine. At three o'clock in the afternoon over 6000 women attended, and were addressed by Mr. Moody. The evening meeting was exclusively for men, who filled both halls, making in the two audiences over 10,000 present.

At all these services the order is perfect. The congregations are still and closely attentive to the addresses of the evangelists. At times during the rendering of a song, or the narration of a pathetic incident, the pervading emotion is plainly visible. After the public services are over, numbers remain for prayer and inquiry. Quite a noticeable fact is the recognition of the value of the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey by those who have no sympathy whatever with their theology. The *Jewish Messenger* says: "Whatever objection may be urged to emotional religion as spasmodic, lacking in substantial good, no man of sense can declaim against" the services at the Hippodrome, provided they be conducted in the same orderly and earnest way that has characterized these meetings elsewhere. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who represents the extreme wing of the religious liberals, has said in a sermon that if Moody and Sankey can reach the masses of the people, "they will perform a work for which all lovers of mankind will be grateful."

The Rev. Dr. Behrends, who has lately left the Baptist denomination and resigned his pastoral charge in Cleveland, has been called to the Union Church (Congregational) of Providence, Rhode Island. Notification of acceptance has not yet been given by him.

Mr. M. D. Conway has been invited to become the pastor of the Parker Fraternity Society, of Boston. This is the society of which Theodore Parker was once pastor. A Boston paper states that "Mr. Conway has already expressed a desire to fill a pulpit in America, and will probably accept the invitation."

The famous case of Jenkins against Cook has been decided by the English Privy Council in favor of the former, thus reversing the judgment of the Canterbury Court of Arches. The case, as explained in this Intelligence August 21, 1875, was this: Mr. Jenkins, a member of the Church of England, had published eleven years ago a volume of selections from the Bible, principally for his own use in family prayer. He omitted from it all passages which asserted the personality of the devil, the eternity of future punishment, and others which in his judgment violated modern ideas of decorum. For this he was refused the sacrament by his rector. The Court of Arches decided that his denial of the doctrines contained in the omitted passages constituted him a "hinderer and slanderer of God's word." The Privy Council reversed this judgment, required Mr. Cook to pay the costs, and directed him not to refuse the sacrament to his parishioner.

The session of the National Temperance Congress, which begins in Philadelphia the second week of June, promises to be an important occasion. Special effort will be made to secure a full history of the temperance movement in the United States for the last century, together with an account of the temperance reformation in Europe. Among the questions noted for discussion are: "Does not personal safety demand the exclusion of intoxicating liquors from all railroad, steamboat, and other lines of travel, and that employés on such lines be total abstainers? Are alcoholic beverages a proper source of public revenue? Is prohibition the true legislative policy?"

Dr. Crosby's church (Fourth Avenue Presbyterian) is very systematic in its method of making benevolent contributions. As a result, in 1875 it raised the following sums in addition to the support of the minister: church collections, $9832; monthly concert collections, $329; communion collections, $915; Hope Mission, $272; Grace Mission, $300; Home Sunday-School, $443; contributions for reducing church debt, $8109; other contributions, $962.

New evangelists are continually appearing. The Rev. John D. Potter is filling the Opera-house of Columbus, Ohio, with attentive hearers. He is described as a man of large physique, and "an open, smooth, and honest face." Messrs. Hammond and Bentley are in Washington still, and are addressing large congregations. A St. Louis paper states that Messrs. Whittle and Bliss are doing a good work in that community. Dr. Munhall, president of the Indiana Young Men's Christian Association, has been invited by a committee from churches in New Albany to hold evangelistic services in that city.

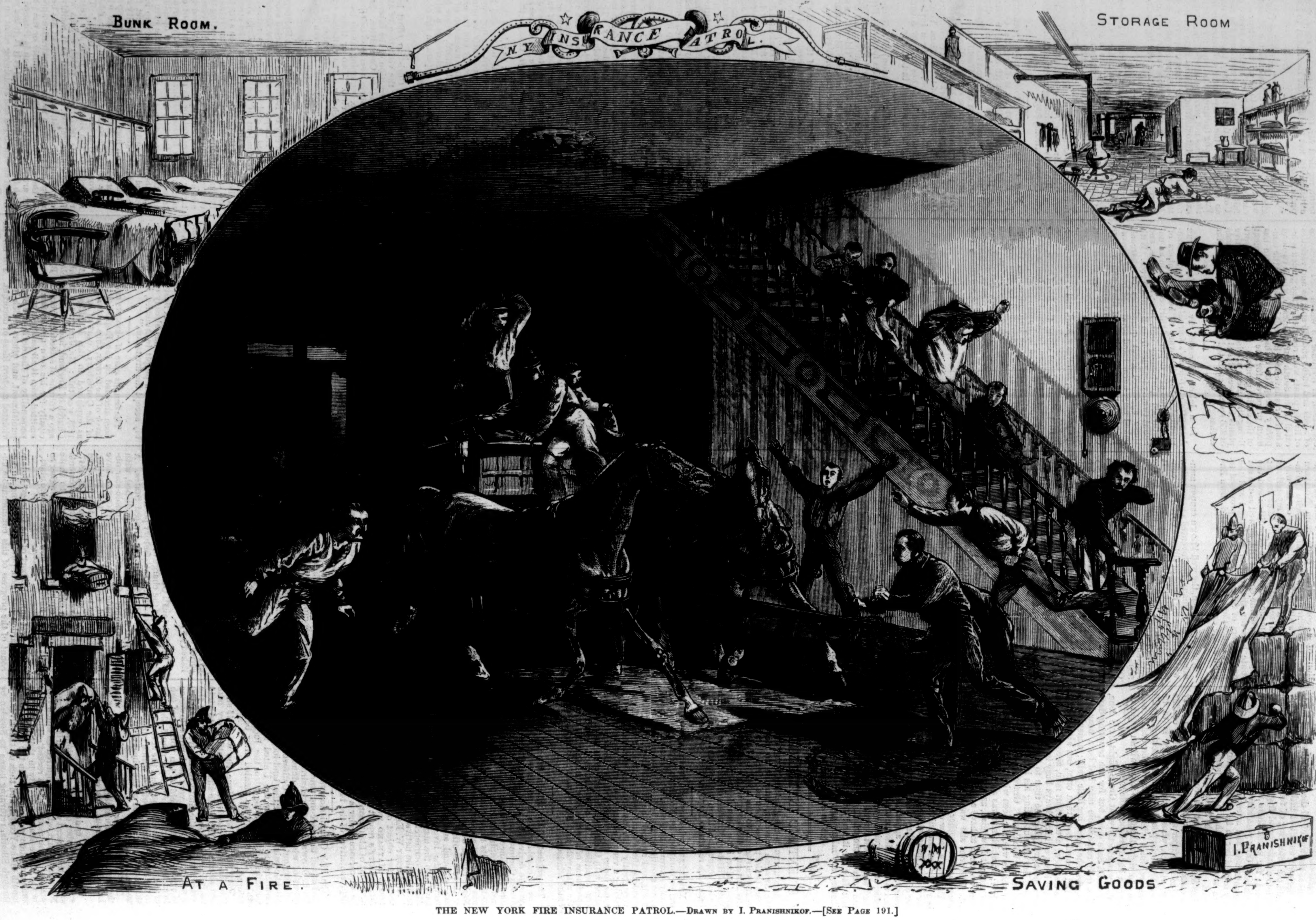
The *Baptist Hand-Book* (London) gives the following denominational statistics for Great Britain: Present number of churches, 2620; chapels, 3354; pastors in charge, 1867; members, 263,729; Sunday-school scholars, 372,342. This shows an increase of 8 churches, 33 chapels, 8731 members, 20,318 scholars, and a decrease of 49 pastors.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, one of the most vigorous and original of American theological writers, died at his home, in Hartford, Connecticut, February 17. He had lived to the ripe age of seventy-four. Many years ago he awakened discussion throughout the United States by his volume on *God in Christ*, in which he labored to effect a reconciliation of Unitarianism and Trinitarianism by means of a modified statement of the doctrine of the Trinity. His scheme satisfied wholly neither party, but gained for the author great credit for its striking presentation of his views. In his volume on *Christian Nurture* he aimed to show the efficacy of training, and its superiority as a means of church progress over "revivalism." It made a deep impression upon the thoughtful Christians of the United States, even when it did not wholly convince. In his volume on *Nature and the Supernatural* he produced a noble defense of supernaturalism as an element of the Christian religion. His volume of *Sermons for the New Life* delighted all readers by its freshness and beauty. This was followed by an additional volume, which contained some striking discourses. In his volume on *Vicarious Sacrifice*, he opposed the received dogma of "satisfaction" for human sin, and endeavored to show that the vicarious element enters into all the manifestations of the Divine nature which are known to us. His volumes on *Work and Play* and the *Moral Uses of Dark Things* were lighter essays, though they touched important questions.

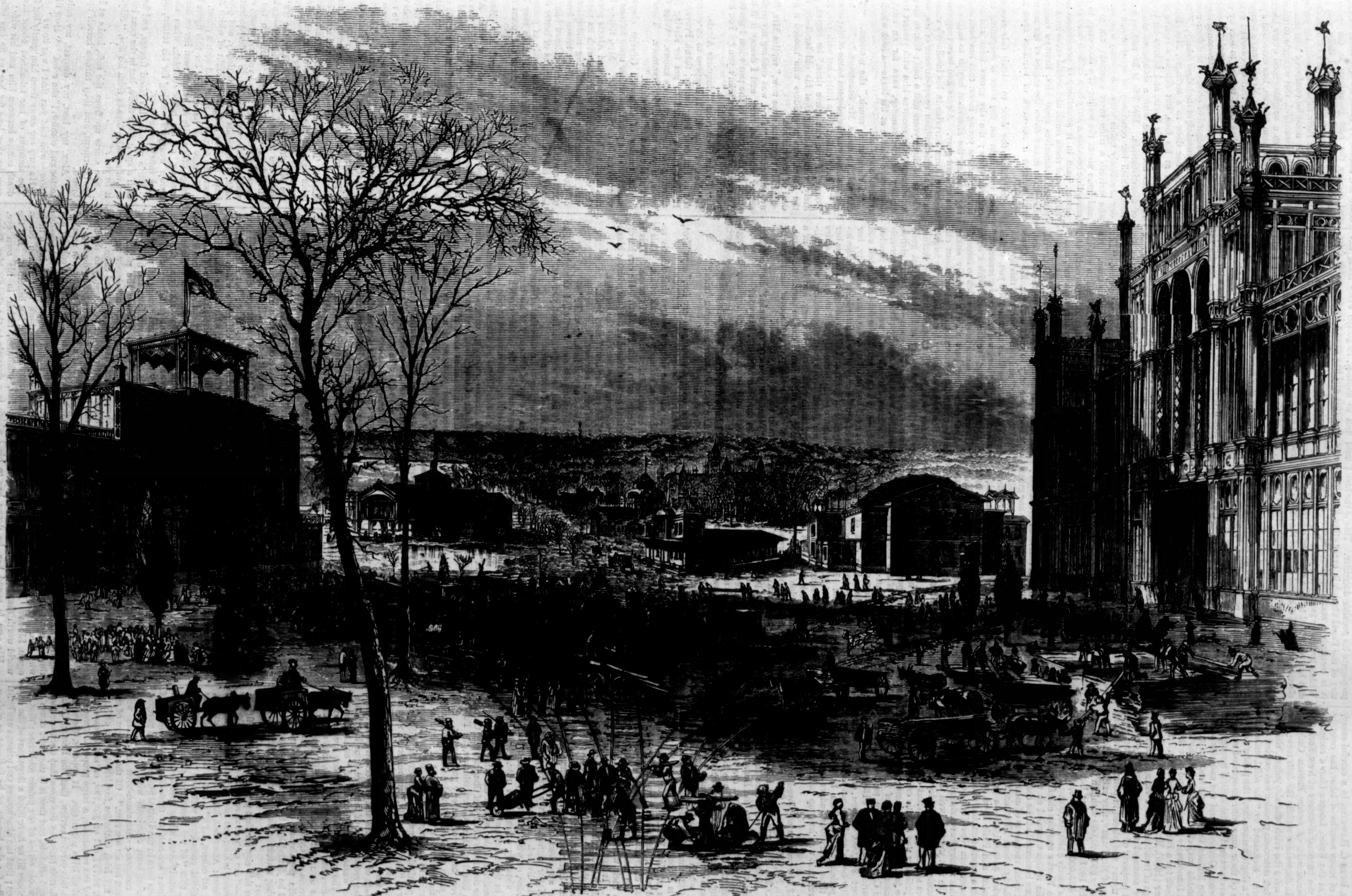
Dr. Bushnell will take rank as a bold theological thinker. He continued to the end to occupy a middle ground between the opposing dogmatic schools, without apparently winning many disciples. But his sincerity and his eloquence always secured him the attention of a large circle of readers. In Hartford, where he lived so long, he was greatly beloved as a wise and public-spirited citizen. A park in the centre of the city bears his name.

Nothing in the way of Christian effort has proved more useful than the visitation of the Southern States, under direction of the International Christian Association Committee. Mr. George A. Hall announces a series of meetings to be held in Louisville, beginning March 1, and continuing until March 6. Two or three sessions will be held each day. The visitation will extend throughout the South. Its value in promoting "peace and good-will" between South and North can not be overestimated.

The completion of a new Methodist Episcopal church in the city of Rome has attracted much attention in Europe. The *Osservatore Romano* has denounced it and its promoters roundly. The correspondent of the London *Daily News* thus describes the building: "In a quiet street, at the back of the Corso, you come upon a chaste and elegant Gothic façade, with an unpretending inscription over the doorway intimating the evangelical purpose of the building. You enter, and a spacious, well-lighted, well-ventilated interior compensates for its absolute want of ornamentation by its admirable acoustic advantages. It is the first Sunday after its opening, and the congregation, still considerable even in the absence of the sight-seeing public who had served to crowd it the day before, has met for the regular duties of the day. The majority are Italians, with here and there a family group of Americans and English, who sympathize with their fellow-Christians of Italy in their desire to worship God 'in spirit and in truth.' The service is of the simplest, but there is a heartiness about its performance which speaks well for the congregation, composed as it mainly is of people whose national temperament has been supposed to make a more demonstrative appeal to the emotions, whether by music or the plastic arts, imperative. The sermon is listened to with fixed attention, and brief as it is, it has produced an ennobling and sustaining effect on the audience, which quietly disperses at its close."


Bunk Room.
N. Y. Insurance Patrol.
Storage Room
At a Fire.
Saving Goods
I. Pranishnikof
T. M. XXX

THE NEW YORK FIRE INSURANCE PATROL.—Drawn by I. Pranishnikof.—[See Page 191.]



THE GRAND PLAZA, CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

THE PLUNDERERS OF NEW YORK.

Colonel Rush C. Hawkins, in a careful essay, the result of many months of labor, has recently presented at the Union League Club a complete review of the financial disasters of New York under its Democratic, or rather Roman Catholic, rulers. He shows how rapidly the debt rose; how rapacious were the Irish officials, judges, sheriffs, police; what enormous plunder was carried off in a few years. Sustained by "the solid, unbroken vote" of "a single nationality," the public robbers made use of their time with unequaled success. In 1868, overpowered by the skillful management of our present Governor and the audacity of the Democratic leaders, the city was made to give an unaccountable majority, that carried the State, elected a Democratic Governor, and cast the vote of New York for a Democratic President. It was in this year (1868), Mr. Hawkins tells us, that the great reign of fraud began. Tweed, Sweeny, and Connolly assumed a supreme control over the lives and property of the citizens; no one dared to resist them; and placed in power by the skillful tactics of Mr. Tilden, they extracted from the city treasury $91,000,000 within a period of three years. In 1861 the debt was but $20,000,000; in 1865, $35,000,000; in 1869, $36,000,000; in 1875 it is nearly $130,000,000. The Department of Public Works was the chief means by which the public robbers carried on their peculations. It built one boulevard at the cost of $1,600,000 a mile. It spent vast sums of money upon improvements, chiefly above Fifty-ninth Street. In all, it expended $58,000,000—a greater sum than both London and Paris have spent in the same time, with a population and wealth together five times greater than New York possesses. A large part of this money was lavished upon Democratic voters; the rest went to swell the private hoards of the peculators, or was employed in purchasing legislators and carrying distant elections. A rapacious judiciary was at once created. The United States justices, men of honor and reputation, were content with salaries of $6000. The city Supreme Court judges were paid $17,500 each, the Superior Court judges $15,000, and the Marine Court $10,000. These enormous salaries can readily be reduced without any loss of credit to our judiciary. Nor from 1868 to 1871 did any of these avaricious judges see beyond the golden veil that was held up before them by the robbers.

The 13,000 persons employed by the city have cost $13,000,000 yearly. The number is no doubt, as Mr. Hawkins asserts, too large by one-fourth. Most of the clerks are foreigners, and give their votes solidly to the Democratic Ring; and but for the Irish vote, we are told, none of the Tammany officials could have kept their offices long. Another considerable source of expense was and is "the sinking of the railway track," which has cost $711,408 a year, or $2,845,632 thus far, and which, Mr. Hawkins thinks, is a contribution to "one of the reigning families of New York." "No monarch of the civilized world," he adds, "would dare to order a similar diversion of the public funds." Chief among the means by which the plunderers carried on their work was the "new County Court-house." It has already cost $13,000,000, is unfinished, and might have been built for $3,000,000. In the height of their power the robbers were accustomed to present fraudulent bills, for work on the Court-house, of immense amounts, which their Auditor approved, their Treasurer indorsed, and their Mayor signed. They were paid, and the proceeds divided. In most cases no work had been done, or what was really done was charged at an absurdly extravagant rate. The Court-house in those days was seldom mentioned without a sinister smile; and of the other methods of plunder there was a board of Charities and Correction, a board of Dock Commissioners, the Police, and every branch of the city government. Nor has it since greatly improved. Our police costs more than twice as much as that of London, in proportion to the numbers employed, and is a centre of political corruption. Democratic politicians, chiefly of "one nationality," are rewarded with its comfortable offices, and walk their stately rounds with a safe salary of $1200 a year. Of the Department of Charities and Correction we are told that the greater part of the large sums it expends is also wasted upon persons of "one nationality." The prisons and almshouses are filled by the adherents of a single Church, that does little for its own poor, while its wealth is enormous, its revenues excessive; and but for our Roman Catholic population, our crime and pauperism would be diminished by nearly two-thirds. This alarming statement is sustained by the following figures:

"In this city for that period"—the past fifteen years—"the comparative ratio of criminality of the races, taking the native born as the unit, is as follows: American, 1.00; Irish, 3.28; German, 1.09; all others, 1.29." But it is also stated by an official connected with the criminal department, that "of the number of criminals born in the United States a large proportion—in my opinion from one-half to three-fourths—consists of persons born in the United States of Irish parents. American-born criminals with Irish names are very common; American-born criminals with German names are rare." Of the paupers of the city, the Irish Catholics furnished, from 1871 to 1875, 98,787 out of 203,799, or nearly one-half, and of the remainder, a large proportion were no doubt of Irish parentage. It appears, therefore, from this careful review, that the Roman Catholic Church provides the votes that elect our most corrupt officials, and that it is the chief cause of the whole series of our public robberies; that its members fill or have filled a large part of the city offices; that the almshouses and prisons are built chiefly for the benefit of its indigent or vicious members, for whom, though able, it refuses to provide, or to protect by a suitable education; that it corrupts the community by its infusion of dangerous elements, and plunders the public to propagate its peculiar doctrines. This is the history of the Papal Church in every other land, but it is certainly a startling circumstance in ours. Within twenty or twenty-five years this ambitious sect has contrived to gain a perfect control in the elections of New York, and most of the ills its citizens have borne so patiently in that brief period are due to its foreign Church. Never was a city sacked so thoroughly. Never was there a community so forbearing toward its notorious thieves. Courts, Governor, police, jailers, turnkeys, seem to connive at crime, and to every criminal who robs the city the gates of the prison fly open mysteriously, and no one is punished or even blamed.

Mr. Hawkins suggests that by a proper economy a great reduction may yet be made in the burdens of New York. He thinks $1,000,000 may be saved yearly on the police, much on the salaries of judges, sheriff, and legal officials, and a large sum by reducing the number of the persons employed by the city. The schools he would leave untouched; but all public improvements should be stopped until the pressure of the times is over. Our great debt, on which we pay $9,000,000 annually, can not soon be lightened, and must go down to coming generations as the legacy of the Roman Catholic and sectarian Democracy; but its increase should be sternly checked. Our condition is one of real financial danger; bankruptcy and repudiation may follow any great increase of our liabilities; and it would be well if capitalists should remember that if they continue to lavish loans upon our Roman Catholic rulers, they may yet have to suffer the results of their imprudence. In some cases the tax in New York already amounts to one-third the income of the property on which it is imposed. As compared with other cities, our metropolis is in a singularly unfavorable condition. Paris, wasted by wars and imperial frivolity, has not yet nearly reached an annual outlay that proportionally equals our own. London has no debt of any importance, and has never been sacked by an Irish Catholic Democracy. It has a population of 4,000,000, and spends annually $40,000,000. The cost of governing New York is $36,000,000 yearly, with its population of only 1,000,000. Each inhabitant of London, therefore, is taxed $10; each citizen of New York, $36. It costs nearly four times as much to govern in New York as it does in London, although even in London the people complain of their taxes. And here, where we should have the cheapest, most effective, and most purely republican government, the prevalence of a single sect has made New York a den of political thieves.

The history of the New York finances as painted by Mr. Hawkins is not a hopeful one, and he urges reform. But how is reform to be attained, or what prospect can open of a lasting improvement, so long as a single sect and a single nationality are suffered to control the city? Wholly incapable of self-government, our Irish Catholic citizens and a foreign Church have filled New York with crime and covered it with an unendurable load of taxation. So long as they remain in power they will never cease from public robbery. It was only by the firmness of the Republicans that Mayor Wickham and his coterie were prevented from adding during the past winter many millions more to the city debt. His rapacious constituency, the Papal Church and the Irish Democracy, claimed their reward, and he strove to gratify them at the cost of the impoverished community. The only way to escape from the rule of our plunderers is to drive from power the foreign sect; to unite the whole Protestant and non-sectarian part of the community in a single body; to rally them to the defense of the schools, the homes, the property, and the life of the city, and to renew the prosperity of New York. In such a purpose who will not join?

Eugene Lawrence.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HUMBLE TO THE DUST.

Alexis goes to Dorley Mill a few days after his interview with Mr. Scrodgers, the lawyer, and tells Linda Challice all that the man of law has said in relation to Trot, and the advisability of that young gentleman's being domiciled at the Grange.

"You see, I want to establish the fact of his being my son," says Alexis. "People will hardly believe in my paternity while the little fellow is here. He ought to live with me—he ought to be seen in my company. A few years hence it won't so much matter where he may live. His name and position will be settled."

"I understand," says Linda, sadly. "Yesterday you gave me a promise which made me very happy; to-day you take it back again."

"Linda, forgive me," cries Alexis, deeply distressed. "If you knew how it grieves me to rob you of your darling. But it is for his good. Why can not we three be happy as we have been together? The sweetest days of my life were those I spent under this dear roof—with him—with you. Why can not those happy days come again, Linda? My love, my darling, what is the world worth that it should part us?"

His arm is round her, he draws her to his breast, looking down into those beseeching, agonized eyes, which meet his in silent reproach that pierces deeper than words. For one passionate moment he has forgotten the fetters that hold him to another, forgotten every thing except that this girl has grown inexpressibly dear to him.

She releases herself from his arm, and he stands before her with shame-bowed head conscience stricken.

"Forgive me, Linda," he pleads. "I was thinking of what might have been. No; I will not be such a wretch as to rob you of Trot—not yet awhile at any rate. What can I give him to replace his adopted mother's fond care? You shall keep him, Linda."

"Not if it is for his interest to be with you," Linda answers, gravely. "But you need not be in a hurry to take him from me. A few days—a few weeks even—can make little difference. Give me time to get accustomed to the idea of parting with him."

"So be it. And you will let me come here very often and see him, so that he may grow fonder of me, and come to look upon me as his father?"

"No," she answers, with downcast eyes. "Let me have him quite to myself for this time. He loves you already; you have no need to win his affection. Let me have him all to myself, and when the day comes claim him from me, and I will give him to you without a tear."

Alexis understands the motive of this denial, and feels that he has merited to be thus denied.

"You have only to command me, Miss Challice," he says; "and remember, that this boy will be no son of mine if his affection for you, or his remembrance of your goodness, is ever lessened."

"He is so young," replies Linda, with a sigh. "He will have so much time in which to forget."

And then they part with a friendly shake hands and a little commonplace talk about old Mr. Benfield and the mill, and both try to forget, or seem to forget, that fatal betrayal of feeling on the part of Alexis; and when he has gone Linda creeps up to her room—the pretty girlish chamber, with its white draperies and water-color sketches, Linda's own work, on the paneled walls—and kneels beside the little white bed and sobs as if her heart were broken. Happily, her life of simple duty affords little leisure for the indulgence of grief, and she is obliged to bathe her swollen eyelids presently, and to go down stairs to see about Trot's custard pudding, which delicacy, made with a new-laid egg, and baked in a saucer, no other hands can be permitted to prepare. Trot's sharp eyes discover the traces of tears in those heavy eyelids.

"What for you cry, mammie?" he demands. "You not been naughty, has you?"

Tears and naughtiness go together in Trot's mind.

"I hope not, love."

"And you not tumbled down 'tairs?"

"No, darling."

"Den oo got nosing to cry for," says Trot, decisively.

It is with the deepest shame that Alexis remembers that unhappy outbreak of his. This is how he has pleaded his friend's cause. This is his allegiance to Dick Plowden. He can hardly look that faithful friend in the face without blushing when he gets back to the Grange.

"Did you see her?" asks Dick.

"Oh yes, I saw her."

"And was she looking well?"

"A little pale and worried, I thought. She doesn't like parting with Trot, you see."

"No, of course not."

Alexis goes to London that afternoon and procures a copy of the entry of his marriage in the register at the little Gothic church in the Pimlico district, so memorable to Sibyl and to him—the church they had entered so hopefully that bleak March morning, careless of the future, confident of happiness, and knowing little more of life's actualities than if they had been the prince and princess of a fairy tale. In that stony labyrinth of Pimlico Alexis is within an easy walk of Dixon Street, Chelsea. He goes by ways that were painfully familiar to him in the days of his poverty. He seems to know every shop front in this water-side street, every stone, every house-top and chimney-stack and street corner. He leaves the prim dwelling-places of middle-class respectability, and enters Poverty's Bohemia. There flows the river beyond its muddy margin, rosy in the evening sun. How the scene brings back the by-gone time, the heart-sinking and despair, the dread of to-morrow, the vain hope, the bitter disappointment! There is little use, perhaps, in this visit to his old quarters. His will is made; his son's heritage is rendered as secure as the law of the land can make it; there is little fear, one would suppose, of the boy's parentage being called into question in the time to come; but Alexis has a fancy for seeing the old place which sheltered his poverty and care, which was home in the days when he thought himself secure of his wife's love. Here is the dingy old street, more dingy and dismal in the warm summer twilight than in wintry obscurity. How sorely all the doors and window-sashes want painting; what wisps of dirty straw and ragged scraps of paper have drifted to this quiet haven from the busier ways outside! Odd curtains drape the parlor windows; grimy blinds droop hopelessly on their slackened lines, like sails in a dead calm. Here and there a few flower pots testify to the love of the beautiful in some struggling denizen; in one area there is a family of rabbits, in another a collection of poultry; in a third a cobbler has built his wooden work-shop. If it were possible for any thing already so debased to sink a little lower, Alexis would think that Dixon Street has gone down since he last beheld it. But the effect lies, doubtless, rather in his own eye, which is a stranger to the place. Mrs. Bonny has been endowed with an orderly mind, and it has been her constant struggle to raise her dwelling-place above the Dixon Street level. She has eschewed rabbits and poultry. Her parlor windows are shaded by clean though faded chintz, and display the best geraniums in the street. Her door-steps are hearth-stoned daily, and it grieveth her to the heart when the ruthless feet of her lodgers or their following sully the purity of the stone. It must be confessed that this aspiration to the Beautiful, this struggle to maintain cleanliness in a neighborhood where blacks fall as the rain from heaven, has exercised a deteriorating influence upon Mrs. Bonny's temper. The native sweetness of that overworked woman's disposition has been turned to sour by the perpetual falling of smuts, the frequent passage of muddy soles across newly hearth-stoned steps, the reckless disregard of scrapers and door-mats, which is idiosyncratic of the lodger family. When she opens her door to a stranger, Mrs. Bonny looks not at his face, but directs a furtive and angry glance at his boots, and follows his progress into her house with a smothered murmur of dissatisfaction. Her life is an endless warfare, which her constancy of spirit would render absolutely noble were the enemy wherewith she striveth a trifle more exalted; but to fret and fume about the soiling of a door-step, to be miserable because a dirty boot sullieth one's stair-carpet, hath in it something of pettishness and folly; and these small and sordid cares have impressed themselves upon Mrs. Bonny's visage—they have drawn down the angles of her mouth, and written a net-work of wrinkles upon her brow.

She opens the door to Alexis this evening. The rosy light on the river is deepening to a crimson glow; the sky grows faint and opal-tinted; and a young moon that has been showing pale all the afternoon begins to brighten in the western gray. Alexis had been prepared to observe some surprise in his landlady's countenance at this sudden re-appearance of his, after a lapse of three years and a half; but, to his astonishment, she receives him with perfect tranquillity of countenance, save for an anxious downward glance at his boots—a look which he remembers of old.

"I thought as much," she mutters. "You can walk up stairs, Mr. Stanmore."

Stanmore was the adopted name of his poverty.

"I have called for a little chat with you, Mrs. Bonny, if you can spare time," he begins, politely, remembering that his old landlady, like the Fates, was a goddess who needed a good deal of propitiation.

"I ain't got the time now," replies Mrs. Bonny, snappishly, "for I was cooking my parlor's supper when you rang, and I dessay it 'll have stuck to the bottom of the pan when I get back. You can walk up stairs, can't you? You know your way, I should think."

"To the front-room?" inquires Alexis.

"Yes, of course. It happens to be empty—not as I'm ever long empty, thank Providence. It ain't much reward to get for slaving from morning till night, gracious knows. Wipe your boots, if you please, Mr. Stanmore. There's a mat at the foot of the stairs."

The master of Cheswold Grange obeys as meekly as the penniless waiter upon fortune was wont to do in days gone by. Mrs. Bonny hurries back to her frying-pan, and Alexis goes up the well-remembered staircase, with its papered wall representing a bewildering multiplication of Gothic archways of a dingy brown hue, its narrow window with a gaudy-colored blind, its heavy old balusters, the remains of better days, when Dixon Street was the abode of polite society, and fine gentlemen and ladies may have roistered and gambled in these old rooms after an evening at Ranelagh.

Twilight has thickened, and Mrs. Bonny's staircase is wrapped in shadow when Alexis opens the door of that one room which was once his home—a single chamber which would then have been deemed all-sufficient as a home could he but have found the wherewithal to pay the rent thereof. How well he remembers that miserable home-coming, when, like Byron, he found his hearth deserted and his household gods shattered! The memory saddens him. He forgets his newly found son—forgets the business that has brought him to Dixon Street. The picture of that bitter day comes back and shuts out every other image.

The room looks as if not one scrap of its furniture had been removed or altered since he saw it last. There stands the scarlet tea-tray on the table against the wall—there the tea-caddy—there the leather-bound family Bible. There are the old chintz-covered arm-chairs, the tent bedstead, the trumpery crockery images—awkward caricatures of old Chelsea ware—on the high narrow mantel-piece: and yonder, seated on the well-remembered old sofa, in a despondent attitude, with hands clasped listlessly, and drooping head, appears a figure at sight of which Alexis Secretan recoils as if he had seen a ghost.

He may well be startled, for this figure is the image of his wife as he has seen her on many an evening, at his home-coming, when she has grown weary of waiting for his return, and has sunk into despondency.

For a moment his blood freezes, and he feels as if a spirit were there, but in the next instant a cry of surprise breaks from his lips, "Sibyl! can it be you?"

She starts up from the sofa, looks at him in bewilderment, and then throws herself upon his breast.

"Alex, my best, my dearest, my only protector and comfort!" she cries. "How did you know—who told you that I was here?"

He puts her away from him gently but firmly. The thought of her falsehood about his son's death comes between him and his wife; and it may be that love for her, as he has often told himself, has died out of his heart, murdered by her unkindness. There is something else too, perhaps, in this moment that comes between him and the pale face lying on his breast. The image of a sweeter, and less selfish woman, whose eyes looked up at him full of grief and pain a few hours ago.

"Alex, how unkind you are, and how coldly you look at me! But you came here in search of me, did you not? You are not living here?"

"No, Sibyl, I am not living here, and I did not come here to look for you. How was I to suppose that I should find you here, when I left you at Redcastle, in the house of Stephen Trenchard? I did not think you would come back to such a place as this of your own election."

"It was the only place I could think of as a refuge, Alex. I knew that I should be safe with Mrs. Bonny, and I knew of no other lodgings in London. Perhaps, too, I had a fancy for coming back here; it was like returning to the past, to the days when you loved me."

She says this shyly, standing before her husband with downcast eyes, like a child who has offended and anticipates reproof. There is all the old innocence of manner, the almost childlike sweetness which charmed Alexis when he first saw her in Mrs. Hazleton's drawing-room, but there is a chilled and deadened feeling at his heart, as of love that has fallen asleep and can awake no more, or love that has grown dumb and can find its old familiar speech never again.

"Say rather the days in which I thought you worthy to be loved," he replies, gravely. "You made your election when you left this room. You can not undo it by returning here, whatever may be the caprice that moves you. When you chose to be your uncle Trenchard's toady instead of my wife you canceled the bond between you and me. I gave you the option of renewing that old bond, but, having your sordid aim in view, and fancying yourself on the threshold of success, you refused my offer. That made an end of our union forever. There is no legal process, no formula of the Divorce Court, which could separate us more utterly than we are parted now."

"Alex," she cries, piteously, "you did once love me! How can you be so unforgiving?"

"I'll tell you how and why. When we last met and parted I asked you a question—a question that involved the happiness of my manhood and the hope of my age. You answered me with a deliberate lie."

"I don't remember," falters Sibyl, deeply humiliated. She had thought it so easy a matter to reclaim this faithful heart. In her darkest hour she had always counted upon her husband's love as a certainty, a treasure inalienable, despite her sins against him.

"You don't remember that when I asked for my son you told me that he was dead, looked me calmly in the face and told me that black and bitter lie? He had only survived his birth by a few days. All the hopes that I had built upon his existence were baseless and delusive. You made me believe this, Sibyl."

She looks at him intently in the twilight with a look that is half terror, half wonder.

"Why should you imagine that I was deceiving you when I told you of our son's death?" she asks.

"For the best possible reason. I have found my son!"

"What! You have been to Dorley Mill?"

"I have been to the place where you left your child; left him, glad to be released from a tie which most women hold sacred; left him to play your part at the feet of Stephen Trenchard, to pass for a spinster, and captivate country gentlemen, and angle for a fortune. You have won your game, I hope, after making such sacrifices—if it can be called a sacrifice to have abandoned husband and child. Stephen Trenchard is dead, I suppose, and you have inherited his fortune, or you would hardly have deserted your post, even for the sentimental pleasure of revisiting the scene of your married life."

"My uncle Stephen is not dead. I have inherited nothing. I stand before you a pauper, Alex, bankrupt in every thing, even in hope, since you have ceased to love me."

"Your uncle not dead? You have voluntarily abandoned your chance of being his heiress? You must have changed greatly since that night when you and I talked together in Mr. Trenchard's house."

"I was surrounded with difficulties, Alexis. I should have held my ground to the very last—yes, call me mercenary, despise me if you will, I will not shrink from the truth—I would have stopped with my uncle till the day of his death if he had not made that impossible by his tyranny."

She tells Alexis the story of the last few months, how she had been urged to marry Joel Pilgrim, and how, when matters grew desperate, she had taken flight.

"I wrote to that good girl, Jane Dimond, and asked her to find me a lodging here if possible. Luckily for me this room was empty, and I came straight from the railway station here."

"A disappointing end to your schemes and hopes," says Alexis, still unpitying. He can not easily forgive that heartless falsehood about his boy. His wrongs as a husband he might pardon. The injury done him as a father rankles deeper.

"It is a sorry end, Alexis; humiliating, shameful. For upward of three years I have been my uncle's patient companion. I have borne all his caprices, devoted myself to the task of making his life pleasant to him. He has been very good to me. I should be wickedly ungrateful if I were to deny or to forget that. I think, too, that he loved me in his undemonstrative manner; and if I was deceived in believing that he would make me his heiress, every body else in Redcastle labored under the same delusion. But this Mr. Pilgrim's influence upon him is stronger than mine. I do not believe that my uncle really wished me to marry that man, or even that Mr. Pilgrim's presence in his house made my uncle happy; but there was an influence of some kind—an influence which I could never understand—exercised by that East Indian upon my uncle Stephen."

"I congratulate you upon having escaped that unholy house," says Alexis. "I am glad you did not carry your subservience to your uncle so far as to marry the East Indian. I am very glad you drew the line at that."

"Had I been as free as my uncle thought me, I should have done the same," replies Sibyl.

"And may I ask what plan of existence you have formed to replace your blighted hopes?" returns Alexis. "I suppose after this rebellious flight of yours there is no chance of your inheriting your uncle's fortune."

"I gave up every idea of that when I left his house. As for a plan of life, I have none. The only hope I had has left me. I have a little ready money, and a few trinkets which I can convert into money. This will carry me on till I can get a situation as a governess—if that is to be done without a friend to speak for my character. I have not neglected my education during the last three years."

She says all this despondently. Hope has died within her breast. She had thought it so easy a thing to win this faithful heart back, and now it seems to her that she and Alexis Secretan are as far apart as if they had never loved each other, never sworn life-long fidelity, never spent their careless honey-moon together under the young leafage in the Bois de Boulogne, among St. Germain's shady walks, and on the lamp-lit Boulevards—with all the joyous life of Europe's gayest city drifting by them like a stream of folly—never suffered poverty's cark and care together, never shared hope and despair, never wandered, side by side, on the chill border-land of famine.

So far Alexis has shown no sign of relenting. His tone has expressed contempt rather than anger, and has wounded more deeply than the stormiest reproaches could wound. He now grows thoughtful, and walks up and down the room in meditative silence, as he has walked many a time in days gone by when his meditations were of ways and means. Sibyl watches him as he moves slowly to and fro with bent head. The twilight hides his face—the summer twilight in which they sat so often when they first became inmates of this room, and when poverty was a new thing to them.

"Why did you tell me that lie about our child?" he asks, after a long silence.

"Shall I tell you why, Alexis? It was because I wanted to have some hold upon you—to have some treasure to give you when the time came for me to come back to you, your true and faithful wife, as I have been from first to last. You would scorn my uncle Stephen's fortune, you told me—repudiate that as you would repudiate me. But I thought you could not shut your heart against me if I came to you with our son. He must have been a link between us—a tie no unkindness of yours, no sin of mine, could break."

"And you thought to make that link the stronger by telling me that my son, whom you had placidly resigned to the care of a stranger, was dead!"

"If I had told you the truth, you would have claimed him. He would have been yours and not mine."

"You are an accomplished schemer, Sibyl, but Fate has a knack of spoiling your plans. Accident brought me in the way of my boy—accident which put my life in peril for some time brought me under the same roof with my son, and I loved him before I knew that he had any claim to my love."

"How did you discover it at last?" asks Sibyl, faintly.

"Oh, in a very simple way. I need not trouble you with details."

"And he is well—happy?"

"How good of you to inquire about him! Yes, he has thriven admirably with strangers. So well, that he naturally rebels against being transferred to his own flesh and blood."

"Alexis," falters his wife, piteously, "I know I must seem a heartless mother, a woman without woman's natural feeling, but starvation brings humanity very low. When I came to Dorley Mill I had been keeping fellowship with hunger for a long time. I had known what it was to be houseless and ailing, to lie shivering under the cruel stars. It was vital to me to find a home for my baby, a home far away from Redcastle, to disassociate myself from my child. It was imperative for me to do that if I wanted to win my uncle Trenchard's fortune, and I did want to be rich, Alex, for your sake, for our child's sake, as much as for my own. If it was your duty as a man to try every honest means to conquer fortune, was it a sin in me to try the only means I knew—to snatch the only chance Fate ever offered to me? Will you try and think of all this, Alex, and forgive me, if you can?"

She rises once more from the sofa where she has sat despondingly. She goes to her husband, and lays her hand lightly on his shoulder—such a poor little hand—such a feather's weight, as it seems to him, lying loosely there. That touch, faltering and tremulous, moves him more than her arguments.

"Forgive you; yes, poor child," he says, gravely. "Perhaps, after all, it is foolishness rather than sin that I have to pardon—and God pardons even sin. What am I, weak, offending man, that I should be more unreasonable than Heaven? Yes, I forgive you, Sibyl; but remember, my dear, that the past is an unalterable quantity. We have to carry the burden of our past deeds down to the grave. No man ever shifts that load from his shoulders. You and I can never be again what we were the day you left this house to go in quest of fortune. You left something behind you then that you can never reclaim."

"You mean that I lost your love?"

"My affection, my compassion, you shall have to the end of our lives; but the heart that trusted and loved you is dead and gone."

"I have no right to expect that it should be otherwise," answers Sibyl, in a voice broken by sobs. "I set too much value on money. I was blind to all other loss that might befall me. I thought that when I came to you with my uncle Trenchard's fortune in my hand you would forgive me—you would take me back to your heart."

"It is because you come to me without fortune that I am able to forgive you, Sibyl. I thank Providence for the failure of your plans. No good could ever have come of Stephen Trenchard's money to me or my race."

"And you will let me see my boy, Alex? I know that I have been a heartless mother, but I have suffered many a pang of remorse. You will let me see him before—"

She breaks down here, and sobs upon her husband's shoulder.

"Before what, Sibyl?" he asks, gently. "Don't cry, my dear. There are quiet days in store for both of us, now that we have got rid of our evil genius, Stephen Trenchard."

His tone is tenderer than it has been yet. He has felt a touch of remorse at remembering that he could have given his erring wife a warmer welcome had she but returned to him before his experience of womanly tenderness and womanly unselfishness at Dorley Mill. It was only when he learned to draw comparisons between his wife and another woman that love had perished.

"God bless you for those kind words, Alex, the first you have spoken to me to-night; and you will let me see my child—before I die?"

"Before you die! Yes, Sibyl, and through many a year to come, if you will be true to your little one and me, and put Stephen Trenchard's money out of your head. Who talks about dying?"

"I have suffered so much, Alex, and it has been so hard a task to hide every pang—to be all smiles and gayety and thoughtfulness for others, with my own hidden sorrow always gnawing at my heart. It has been a bitter task. I feel as if the burden had been too heavy for me—I feel quite worn out with the long battle—physically as well as mentally. Indeed, Alex, I do not think that I have long to live."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CENTENNIAL PLAZA.

FROM the corner of Elm Street and Belmont Avenue the visitor looks northward across the Grand Plaza, which lies between the main Exhibition building and Machinery Hall, a portion of each building being seen to the right and left of our illustration on page 189. The Plaza is nearly 550 feet wide, and here the railroad tracks focus. Workmen are at present engaged in removing the débris and arranging the walks and plats.

The Judges' Pavilion, Photographic, United States, Woman's, and many other buildings occupy the middle ground, while in the distance may be seen the Southern Restaurant, the unfinished Agricultural Building, and the picturesque structure erected by the State of New Jersey. The point selected by our artist for this illustration seems to be the favorite one for visitors, crowds of whom throng the plaza on each fair day. The amount of work already accomplished by those in charge of the Construction and Finance bureaus is enormous, and the rapidity with which the work has progressed makes a certainty of the timely completion of every edifice embraced in the original plan, as well as numerous structures and additions not contemplated. It has lately been determined to add to the Art Building, the main Exhibition building, and some others, the new work being made necessary by an unexpected pressure for space. Many of the prominent metropolitan journals will erect buildings for the use of their representatives and friends.

The favorable weather thus far experienced has been of incalculable advantage to those who have had charge of laying out the grounds, the workmen having been busy during almost the entire winter in laying up sod, arranging beds, and planting shrubbery, which will all be in forward condition when spring opens and the great influx of visitors begins.

THE FIRE INSURANCE PATROL.

IN 1839 the insurance companies of New York city organized the old Salvage Corps, from which small body has developed the present efficient Insurance Patrol, numbering nearly one hundred men, perfectly organized and equipped. The city is divided into three districts, known as the Upper, Central, and Lower. Each district has its station-house, the property of the Board of Underwriters, under whose direction the buildings have been arranged. Entering the building of the Lower patrol, No. 41 Murray Street, shown in our sketches on page 188, you find the first floor devoted to wagons, stable, and telegraph office. The second floor is occupied as reading-room and dormitory. The third floor is used principally as a drying-room for tarpaulins. A more careful investigation shows you that the wagons are fitted with axes, fire-extinguishers, folded tarpaulins, and various equipments, all compactly arranged and ready for instant use. In stalls directly behind the wagons, and facing toward them, are standing two splendid horses, fully harnessed and not fastened. The training of these horses is perfect; at the first sound of the alarm gong they dash from their stalls to their place, and in three seconds are fastened to it by means of snaps. The street doors are thrown open, the men on duty spring into the wagon, and if the call is for their district, in twenty seconds from the first tap of the gong they are out on the street and away at full speed. In some instances the wagon of the patrol is at the fire before the engines arrive. The first effort is to extinguish the flames; failing in this, the tarpaulins known as stock covers—oiled tweeded drills 14 × 20 feet in size—are at once used to cover goods which may be injured by smoke and water; in some instances more than a hundred of these covers have been spread, besides larger cloths, known as roof covers. In many instances the out-door force, while patrolling their beats at night, discover a fire, and extinguish it without calling out the Fire Department.

The scene in the bunk-room after the men have turned in for the night is suggestive. Each man has a separate cot, at the head of which is a chair, in which is placed an unoccupied pair of trowsers, the respective legs of which are carefully tucked into a pair of great fire boots. A fire hat depends from one post of the back of the chair, and a great-coat from the other. The chorus of snores is broken by the clang of the alarm gong. A dozen men instantly pop out of bed, and put on their hats, slip into their trowsers and boots, seize their great-coats, and dash down stairs to find the horses in their places, and a lively prospect of no more sleep for that night.

The patrol of New York saves annually many thousands of dollars not only for the insurance companies, but for parties whose property is not covered by insurance, no distinctions being possible. Nearly all the principal cities have organized similar corps, which, though known by a different name, are not less useful.

The duties of the patrol do not end with those of the Fire Department. The patrol must watch unguarded goods and smouldering fire; water that would ruin goods which have been protected by tarpaulins must be swept out, and every thing done which shall make salvage small and the calls on the insurance companies light.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, Sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, Sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling—"so have I. It's a miserable day. Good-by, good-by."

What is nothing?—A footless stocking without a leg.

In one of the suburban schools a teacher gave out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, and being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

A country school-master once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's skin. "Yes, Sir, I have," shouted the young hopeful. "Where?" inquired the school-master, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply, accompanied with a most provoking grin.

A gentleman wishing not long since to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, Pussy."

A fascinating young widow having married an elderly man, annoyed him by frequent references to her first husband, whereat the old gentleman finally remonstrated. "I dare say," replied the fond creature, pouting her pretty lips, "that you'll be glad to have me remember you when you are dead and gone and I'm married again."

As Tom and his wife were disputing one day
Of their personal traits, in a bantering way,
Quoth she, "Though my wit you disparage,
I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest
That, compared with your own, my judgment is best."
Quoth Tom, "So they said at our marriage."

The other day a minister offered prayer at the laying of a corner-stone. A brisk young reporter bustled up and said, "I wish you would give me the manuscript of that prayer." "I never write out my prayers," said the preacher. "Well," said the reporter, "I couldn't hear a word you said." "I wasn't praying to you," quickly responded the parson.

A PUZZLE FOR A FOREIGNER.

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough;
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.

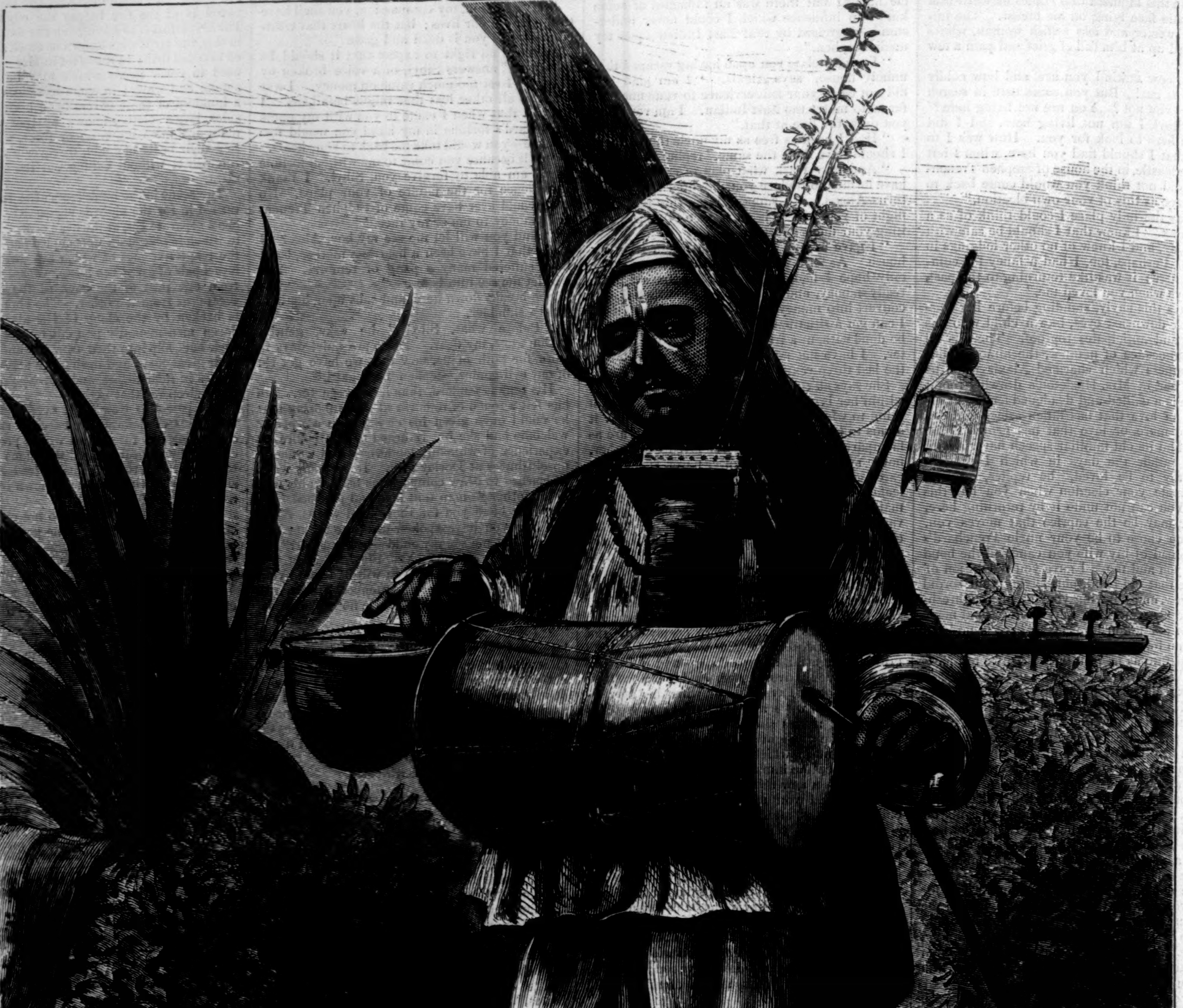
Now I must be off to the plough,
And the boys, when they've had enough,
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the black mare drinks at the trough.

Professor Proctor is going about telling that our sun is much inferior to other great lights in the universe. As if it were not enough for poor, down-trodden man to know that his gas is a failure, he has to be taunted with the fact that even his daylight is far from being the genuine article.

"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse, he said, "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?" "Yes, Sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

PITTS'S PROPOSAL.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, and a man of business tact. When Pitts goes to make a purchase, he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to the ladies, young ones in particular. Now, lately, Pitts says to himself, "I am getting rather along in years, and so I'll marry." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait; so off he travels, calls upon a lady friend, and opens conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, and hesitated; finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better, I'll come back."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A HINDOO MENDICANT PILGRIM.

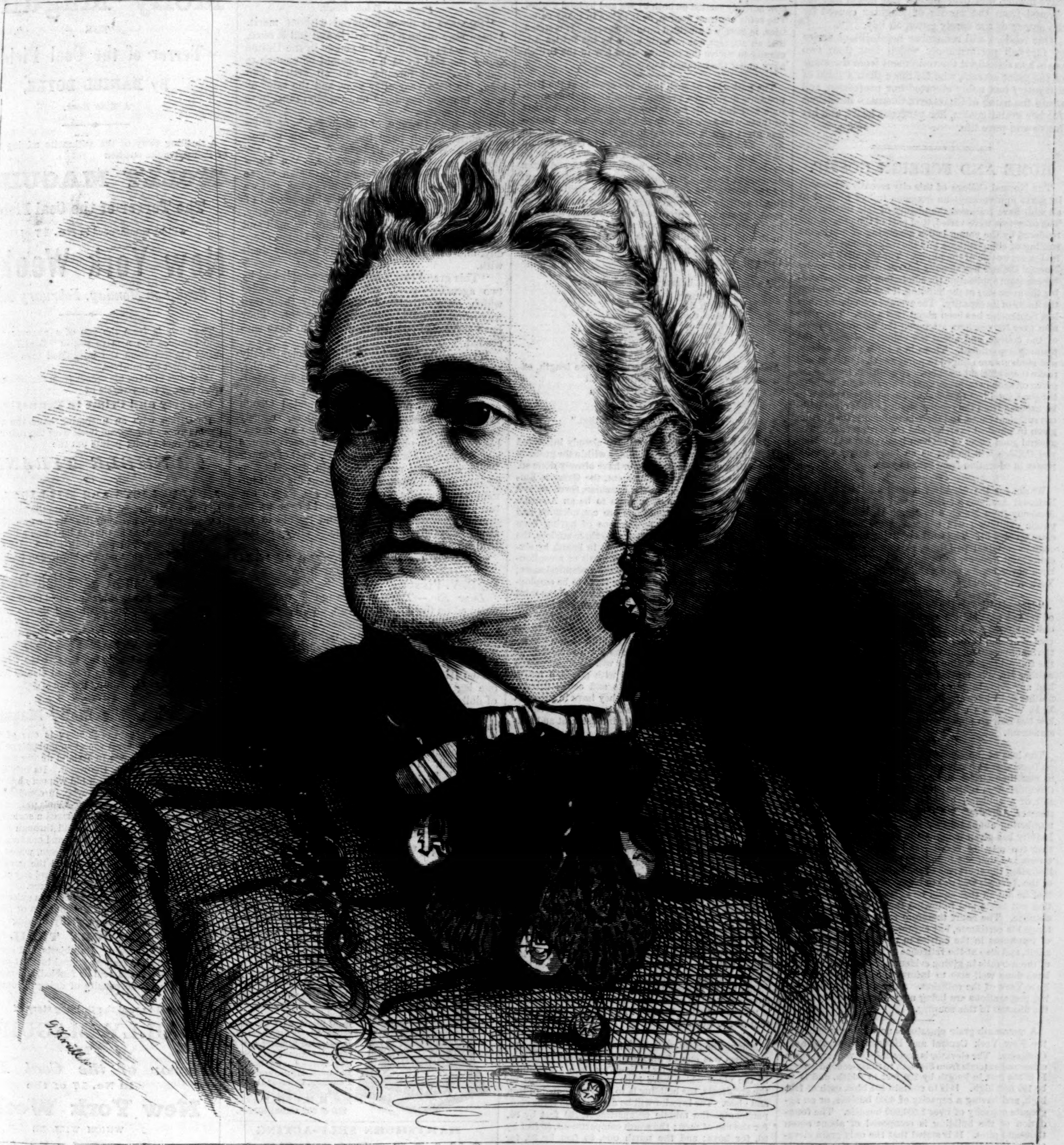
A HINDOO PILGRIM.

Not far eastward of the city of Allahabad lies the "Plain of Almsgiving," at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, which from remote ages has been regarded by the Hindoos as a most sacred spot. Thither, in ancient times, kings and princes repaired to distribute alms, and to this day it is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India, to bathe in the sacred waters. These pilgrims generally wear a uniform costume, made of coarse linen, to prevent the rich from being distinguished from the poor. The latter are more numerous than the first, as many of the wealthy pay to have the pilgrimage performed for them, as the richer class of Mahommedans make the long and tedious journey to Mecca by proxy. One class of pilgrims visit Allahabad to obtain the sacred water of the Ganges, which they sell in remote villages. This water, in small vials marked with the seal of the Brahmins of Prayaga, is sold at a very high price, to be used for the lustrations recommended at certain periods by the sacred writings.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

This eminent dramatic artist, whose fame was equally great on both sides of the Atlantic, died in Boston, Massachusetts, on the morning of February 18. She was born in that city on the 23d of July, 1816, and became, while yet hardly more than a child, an important help to her mother, who had been obliged to take upon herself the task of maintaining her young family. The Woods, who forty years ago were the reigning stars of opera, met with Miss Cushman, who was just then making a brave fight for education and position as a singer. Coming one morning to sing at Mrs. Wood's rooms, she chose some simple ballad, which she sang without conscious effort.

At its close the artist listener testified to the power of the songstress by streaming tears. She hastened to call her husband to hear this strangely moving voice, and his eyes also filled at the deep melody, the intense feeling, of Charlotte's artless singing. At the desire of the Woods, she strove for a long and dreary season to train her voice, under the misfortune of utterly false and



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—[From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

useless direction, which at last resulted in the entire destruction (for opera at least) of the grand organ by overstraining it in absurd and unnatural efforts. An irreparable calamity surely, thought the heart-broken young singer and her friends, and yet we undoubtedly owe our great actress to this circumstance.

In New Orleans, where her great disappointment had met her, she, advised by a good friend, himself an actor, made her first studies for the stage, and her first appearance on it, as Lady Macbeth. Her daring was rewarded by a great success. She repeated the play for many nights, and returned to New York with high hopes of fame and independence. Here her real struggles began. In their process her love and affinity for Shakspeare and the great dramatists unfolded. Through hardships, disappointments, sickness of heart and of body, she toiled on, never losing faith in herself, never bating one jot of her high aim and purpose, never taking one backward step in her brave career. When at last the reward came, recognition and appreciation to her heart's content, it left her unspoiled, unaffected, and still aspiring to greater excellence in her art.

Of the great dramatic impersonations of Charlotte Cushman it is hardly necessary now to speak. In Queen Katharine, in Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*, she could exhibit her grand queenliness, her womanly sweetness and dignity; Lady Macbeth, awful in her daring crime and her remorse, in the broken-hearted despair of the wife who had done all and lost all for the husband whose ruin was the only result; the Wife, in Milman's tragedy; Julia, in *The Hunchback;* Lady Teazle, and very many of the more modern dramatic heroines, proved her great versatility; and these impersonations must live in the memories of too many lovers of the drama to need more than a passing allusion to bring them freshly to mind.

Her great vigor of mind and power of adaptation were best displayed in the male characters of Cardinal Wolsey and Romeo; and her Meg Merrilies, in the musical drama of *Guy Mannering*, was an entirely fresh and original conception. Her first trial of it was made without study, without rehearsal, or suggestions from any source. While the great English tenor, Braham, was starring in New York as Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, the lady who had the rôle of Meg Merrilies took suddenly ill. The manager appealed to Miss Cushman to take the part at a moment's notice. Then, as always, her own pleasure and convenience were waived when she was called on to do a generous or helpful act: she went early to the theatre on the evening of the play, hastily selected or contrived some suitable "rags," and, finding a deserted quarter behind the scenes, began a rapid study of Meg. The thought suddenly came to her, "If Bertram, the nursling of the old gypsy, is now a grown man, surely Meg will not be the hale, erect woman they all make her out to be. I must certainly put more truth into *my* Meg."

When the moment of her entrance came, Braham stood expecting the usual conventional Meg Merrilies; but the first words of the old gypsy caused him to start in veritable, unacted surprise. He turned to see a weird being, wrinkled, bent, hollow-eyed, a staff clutched in her skeleton hand, a wonderful costume of tatters and faded colors, yet withal a presence of power and grandeur, a dignity and command in speech and voice.

After the curtain had fallen on the first act, Miss Cushman hurried to her dressing-room to con the remainder of the part. A knock came to her door, and her maid announced Mr. Braham. "O Heaven!" thought the daring yet timid actress, "has he come to overwhelm me with his anger at what I have done?" But a kind hand pressed hers, and warm thanks from the great singer for having given him the most delighted surprise, the most pleasurable sensation, were a sweet reward to the new and henceforth the only Meg Merrilies of the stage. "Oh!" said Braham, "had you done to-night's work on a London stage, your fortune would be made!"

Quite as hearty, if rather malapropos, was the approval which she received one night in Dublin while playing Romeo. When in the banishment scene she fell prone on the floor, taking "the measure of an unmade grave," she waited there for the great burst of applause to subside. When the house was quite still a voice from the gallery, in a fine Irish brogue, accompanied by a ringing smack of the hands, called out, "Bra-*vo*, Char*let!*" to the prostrate Romeo's intense amusement.

A long chapter would be needed for the story of Miss Cushman's life in England—the tedious waiting for a fitting début, the coldness of rival actors, the reluctance and exactions of managers. But at last she found the desired opportunity. Her first appearance in London was in *The Wife*, and her success so splendid that her engagement of eight nights was changed into *eighty*, and her position as the first actress on the stage forever secured in England. Returning to America, she played to enthusiastic audiences. Then followed a long period of retirement, caused at first by severe illness. Some years were spent in Rome, where she made one of the most brilliant of the distinguished literary and artistic circle there.

At the same play in Liverpool, while Romeo, parting from Juliet, answers her pleading, "It was the nightingale, and not the lark," by,

> "It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
> No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east,"

and while Romeo, with Juliet's head reclining on his breast, and hand and eyes upraised, held the house breathlessly still in sympathy with the unhappy lovers, a cry from above, agonized and guttural, but oh! so fearfully distinct, utters, "Oh, my stummick! oh, *my* stummick!" Romeo, the tender words choked by a spasm of mirth, shielding as best she could the laughter which shook her sister (the Juliet), looking in the direction of that dismal cry, saw a red and puffy lad, who, leaning on the hard railing of the upper gallery, had been so borne and pressed upon by the weight of boys from the back rows that viscera, chest, and throat became one and undivided, and another moment's silent endurance utterly impossible. Romeo and Juliet's leave-taking was over before the house had recovered from the uproar of laughter caused by the outcry of the sorely put-upon boy.

Our readers still remember her brilliant series of farewell performances which less than two years ago signalized the retirement from the stage of the great actress, who for more than a third of a century had nobly elevated her profession, and made the name of Charlotte Cushman illustrious for her grand genius, her generous heart, and her brave and pure life.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Normal College of this city recently celebrated its sixth anniversary—an occasion full of interest to all who have followed the history of this institution. The exercises were varied, that part of the programme rendered by the young ladies consisting of music, the reading of compositions, and the recitation of an original poem by one of the pupils. The popularity of the Normal College has steadily increased, as is shown by the constant application for admission. Notwithstanding the great size of the building, it has already reached the limits of its capacity. The average attendance since last September has been about 1255 a day. There are also over 500 teachers attending the Saturday session of the college, and about 800 children attending the training department. There is a three years' course, and students are obliged to pursue such studies as will make them efficient teachers. In addition, lectures are given on such natural sciences as are thought desirable for good, intelligent teachers. No pupil is expected to be excused from the regular studies of her class without sufficient cause, and there is systematic instruction given in physical exercise, and regular practice. The general good effect of such an institution as the Normal College will be felt as an increasingly valuable power in education from year to year.

Works for the fifty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be received at the Academy from March 6 to March 11, inclusive. The public exhibition will commence on March 28, and close on May 31. The works of living artists only are eligible—original paintings, sketches, sculptures, architectural designs, or models and engravings which have never before been exhibited in the city of New York or in Brooklyn.

"Irregularities" is the delicate term used by persons of refined sensibilities as a substitute for the blunt, old-fashioned word "forgery." For example, Mr. Lucius W. Pond, before he begins his time of service in the State-prison for heavy forgeries, indignantly makes the following assertion: "I wish to state briefly that neither Mr. Winslow nor any other person or persons had any knowledge or interest in my irregularities; neither did I have any knowledge of or interest in Mr. E. D. Winslow's reported irregularities." Mr. Winslow has now an opportunity to make a corresponding statement.

The loss of the *Harvest Queen* in the Irish Channel on December 31 has been a subject of much discussion in maritime circles and among the public generally. Circumstances indicated that the disaster was the result of a collision between the lost vessel and the steamer *Adriatic*. No one was saved from a crew numbering about thirty men. The English Court of Inquiry has given judgment in regard to the collision that the missing vessel was no doubt the *Harvest Queen*, and that she foundered; but after anxious deliberation the court was of the opinion that the master of the *Adriatic* was not to blame for the collision, and that he did all that could be expected of him by putting out boats and following the vessel to render assistance. The court therefore returned Captain Jennings his certificate, but expressed regret at the want of frankness in the entries in the log-book as to the affair, and also at the reticence evinced by the officers of the *Adriatic* in giving evidence. The master would have done well also to inform the British consul at New York of the collision. At the time of this writing preparations are being made for an inquiry about the disaster in this country.

A mammoth grain elevator is now being erected for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. The elevator is accessible by water on three sides, and extends from Sixtieth to Sixty-second Street. It is 354 feet in length by 100 feet in width, and is to be 160 feet high. It is to contain 264 bins, each 65 feet high, and having a capacity of 6000 bushels, or an aggregate capacity of over 1,500,000 bushels. The foundation of the building is composed of about seven thousand piles. It is stated that the only grain elevator on the Atlantic sea-board of equal size to this is one in Baltimore. There are several at the West of equal capacity, and one in St. Louis capable of holding a million bushels more. The erection of this capacious elevator, which will not be wholly completed until next fall, will greatly increase the grain freightage to this city.

A learned dignitary of the Church of England, in company of one of the royal family, once visited the grave-yard attached to the City Road Chapel, London.

"This is an old grave-yard," remarked the dean, thoughtfully. "Was it ever consecrated?"

"Oh yes," answered the old chapel keeper.

"By what bishop?" asked the dean.

"It was consecrated," replied the old man, with a smile of confidence and satisfaction, "by having in it the remains of that glorious man of God, John Wesley."

There are something like fifty thousand Jews in New York city. They are to a great extent of foreign birth, being mostly Germans. The rabbi of the Temple Emanuel preaches in German, but his assistant officiates in English. In the synagogue in Fifty-fifth Street the services are in Hebrew and German.

No Chinese bank has failed for five hundred years. When the last failure took place, the officers' heads were cut off and flung into a corner with the other assets!

A national prestige has been given the Centennial Exhibition by the passage of a bill in Congress appropriating $1,500,000 in aid of the undertaking.

Slavery is not by any means extinct. According to statements just published by the British and Foreign Antislavery Society, slaves are now being bought and sold in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Madagascar, Cuba, and in other countries. To meet the demand for slaves, traders are depopulating whole districts in Central Africa, Abyssinia, etc. The East African slave-trade is now actively carried on both by sea and by land routes. The cooly contract system, as it exists in many countries, is merely a modified form of slavery. It is stated that an attempt was recently made by the British Admiralty to revive the fugitive slave law in the British navy under the national flag.

The gathering of such immense crowds at the Hippodrome during the present series of religious meetings certainly calls for extreme vigilance on the part of those who have the care and management. Doubtless great care is exercised in regard to danger from fire. Every other source of danger or of alarm should be guarded. It would seem as if some way might be devised to prevent the rude, uncomfortable, and often dangerous crowding at the doors. And independent of the discomfort and danger of this outside crowding, it appears to be peculiarly unfitting that religious meetings should be preceded by such rough scenes as have been witnessed not only at the Hippodrome, but in Brooklyn and Philadelphia when similar meetings were held in those places. More good would result if this evil were remedied.

An Omaha poet bursts forth as follows:

> "Oh, come,
> With fife and drum
> And the big brass-band,
> From all over the land,
> And celebrate
> And dedicate
> The Great Centennial!"

And he continues in this strain at some length, extending his Centennial invitation for all

> "To come from all creation
> To celebrate
> And dedicate
> The great day of the nation."

Seven foreign governments have already intimated their intention of erecting buildings within the grounds of the Centennial Exhibition, or have already done so. These are the British government, the German Empire, the Spanish kingdom, the Brazilian, Swedish, and Japanese countries; and there is to be an Austrian bakery. The British buildings are conspicuous and costly, and present the appearance of having been built for permanent uses. There are three edifices, the largest of which is ninety-three feet in length by sixty-eight in width. This contains a suit of reception-rooms, and numerous offices for the Commissioners; the second in size is for the police force to be employed in guarding the articles on exhibition; and the third is for employés, and for a bakery, kitchen, and laundry.

Explorations of the Great Sahara continue to be made. Largeau, the intrepid French traveler, has recently concluded his preparations for a second journey across the great desert. He will be accompanied by three travelers, a merchant with goods, a native guide, and eight native servants and camel drivers. Even by the best-known route, they have in prospect a ten days' journey without water over burning sands. The greatest danger is from the intense heat and sudden changes of temperature.

A woman in the vicinity of Paris has adopted a singular employment. She has established an institution for the propagation of the ant species. She has agents continually scouring the forests of the neighboring rural districts, and capturing large nests of ants. She has inured herself to the stings of her pet insects, and handles them with perfect confidence.

On the banks of the Iowa River, about seventy miles from the Mississippi, is a colony of people known as "Amanes." They number about 1300, and located there nearly twenty years ago. Originally they emigrated from Germany and settled in the vicinity of Buffalo, being known as the "Ebenezers"—a quiet, moral, industrious people, devoting their energies chiefly to agriculture. But about 1856 they moved to Iowa. All property is held in common by them, but each family has its separate dwelling. They appear to have no vices, commit no crimes, have built school-houses and churches, and made many improvements in the villages they have built. German is the language used in business and social life, but English is taught in their schools. Their religion is similar to that of the Quakers.

Among the gifts made by Mr. James Lick for public purposes was one of $150,000 for the erection of free public baths for the city of San Francisco. According to the plans which have been recently submitted by the architects, the building is to be constructed of iron and glass. The interior will be divided into three compartments—the middle compartment, 160 feet by 50, for the use of men; the south compartment, 80 feet by 50, for boys; and the north one, 80 feet by 30, for women. It is proposed to supply the baths with water from the bay, and to have it warmed by the employment of the heat of the sun's rays. To accomplish this, fine jets will ascend to the roof of the building, and fall in almost imperceptible spray into the tanks, the sun's rays meantime passing through it and warming it before it reaches the basin. This is the plan adopted at the public baths at Liverpool, England.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

Hot shot are about to be poured into the secret society which for the past few years has proved a terror to the law-abiding operatives in the coal mines and the respectable residents of the mining centres. The story of "Molly Maguire," which will be begun in No. 17 of the New York Weekly, we have been informed, will contain strange and startling developments concerning the midnight murderers banded together under the above title. The New York Weekly, containing this highly interesting production, will be ready on Monday, February 28.—[*Com.*]

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties.—[*Com.*]

The "New Automatic" silent sewing-machine of the Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co. completely revolutionizes machine sewing. Gold Medal of American Institute, 1875. Home Office, 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are used and endorsed by the best Hotels, Confectioners, Grocers, and the first families in the country.—[*Com.*]

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

"Success is never achieved without merit. A man may make a poor article and sell it once, and there being 40,000,000 people in the United States, the sale to each one would be enough to make a decent fortune. But an article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit.

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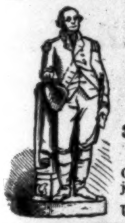

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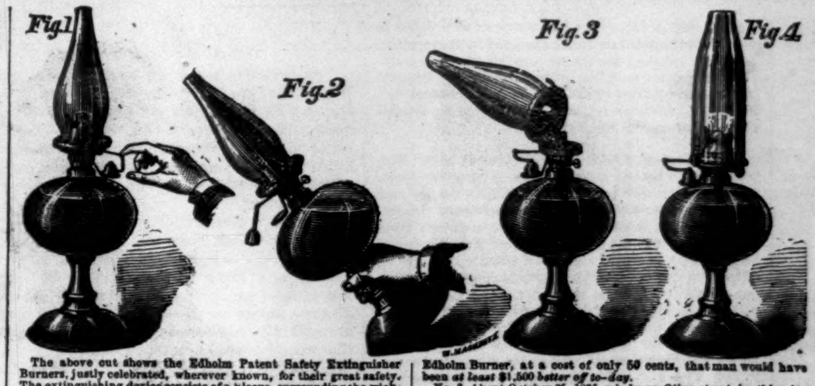

The above cut shows the Edholm Patent Safety Extinguisher Burners, justly celebrated, wherever known, for their great safety. The extinguishing device consists of a Sleeve, surrounding the wick-tube, which is moved up and down, 1st, by a lever which passes through a fin on its side, and 2d, by the weight attached to the chain, which is attached to the fin. When this Sleeve is thrown up, either by touching the lever, or by the dropping of the weight, the flame is confined inside of it, and the heat drives out the air and creates a vacuum in which flame cannot exist, hence the light is put out as quick as a flash.

Fig. 1 shows a lighted lamp being *extinguished at bed time* by the person using it. Fig. 2 shows the same lamp being partly overturned and extinguished by the weight dropping off the shelf and throwing the Sleeve up, as shown inside the chimney in the cut. This would *always happen*, in case the lamp was *accidentally upset*, thus, rendering it *impossible* to overturn the Lamp without *putting out the light* before it can *break*, and the oil *take fire*.

IN THIS FEATURE IS ITS GREAT IMPORTANCE,

Because *statistics prove* that from this one cause of *upsetting lighted lamps*, 1250 persons (mostly women and children) are *burned to death* each year, and more than $25,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

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No. 1. About October 1, 1875, a young woman in the village of Indiana, Pa., sat sewing with her lamp in her lap. A sudden motion threw her lamp to the floor, it broke, the oil caught fire, exploded and *burned the young woman to death*. If her lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, costing only 50 cents, she would have been alive and well to-day.

No. 2. About October 1, 1875, a young gardener and wife, living in Minneapolis, Minn., were assorting seeds, and had their lighted lamp sitting on a box. He accidentally struck his foot against the box, knocking the lamp off; it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, flew all over the room, so that they barely escaped with their lives. The house burned to the ground, and with it, $1,500 in greenbacks, which he had in his bureau. If their lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, that man would have been *at least $1,500 better off to-day*.

No. 3. About October 25, 1875, a lady on Olive street, in this city (St. Louis, Mo.), was crossing a room with a lighted lamp in her hand; her shoe caught in a rug, she stumbled, dropped her lamp, it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, and *burned her to death*. If her lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, she would have been *alive and well to-day*.

No. 4. A widow and two little girls sat down to supper October 17, in Lake City, Minn. One of the children pulled the table cloth off the table. The lighted lamp fell to the floor, broke, the oil caught fire, exploded, set their clothing on fire, and *burned all three to death*. If that lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, costing 50 cents, that family would have been alive and well to-day.

No. 5. About November 1, 1875, a guest in the St. Cloud Hotel, in Sherman, Texas, upset his lighted lamp in his room, resulting in the total destruction of the best portion of the town, and causing a loss of $500,000. One 50 cent Edholm Burner would have *prevented this conflagration*, and saved money enough to have placed an Edholm Burner on one lamp in each one of *one million families*.

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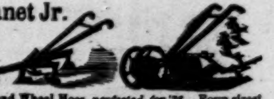

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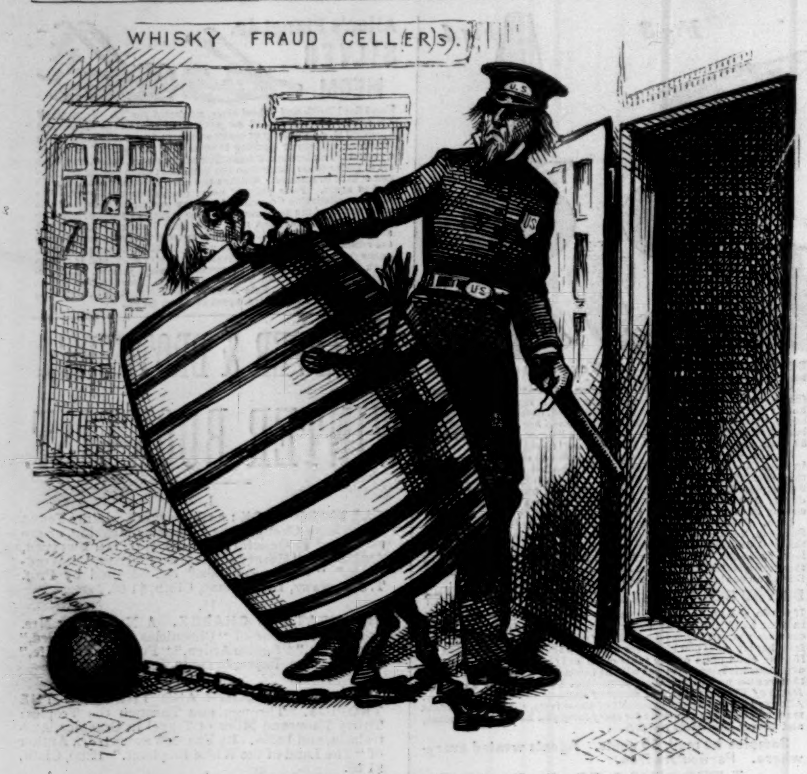

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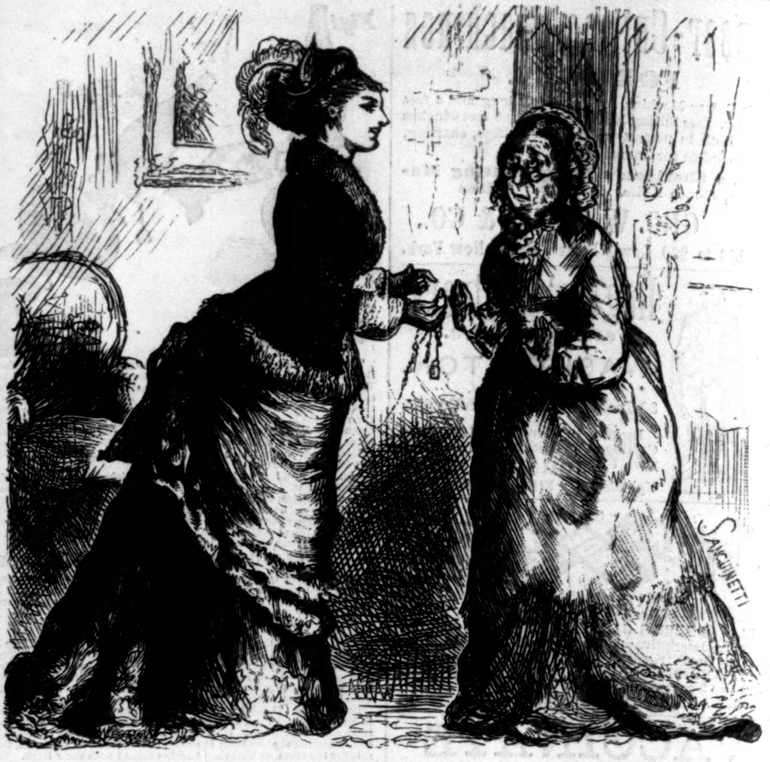

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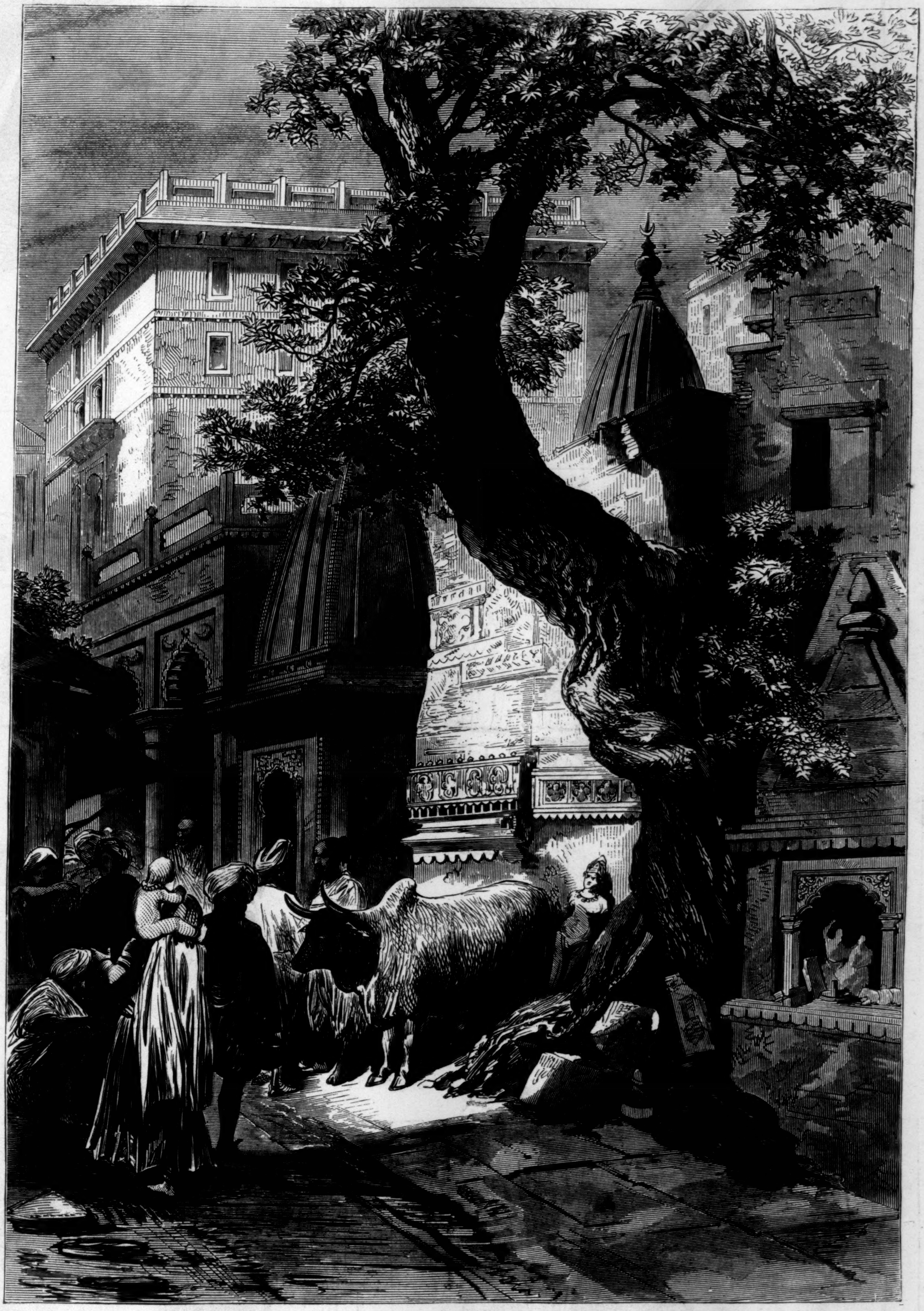
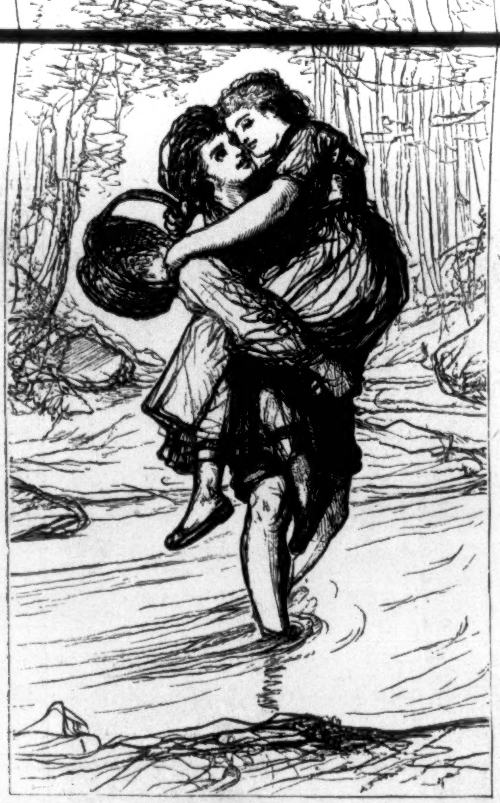


STREET IN BENARES, INDIA.

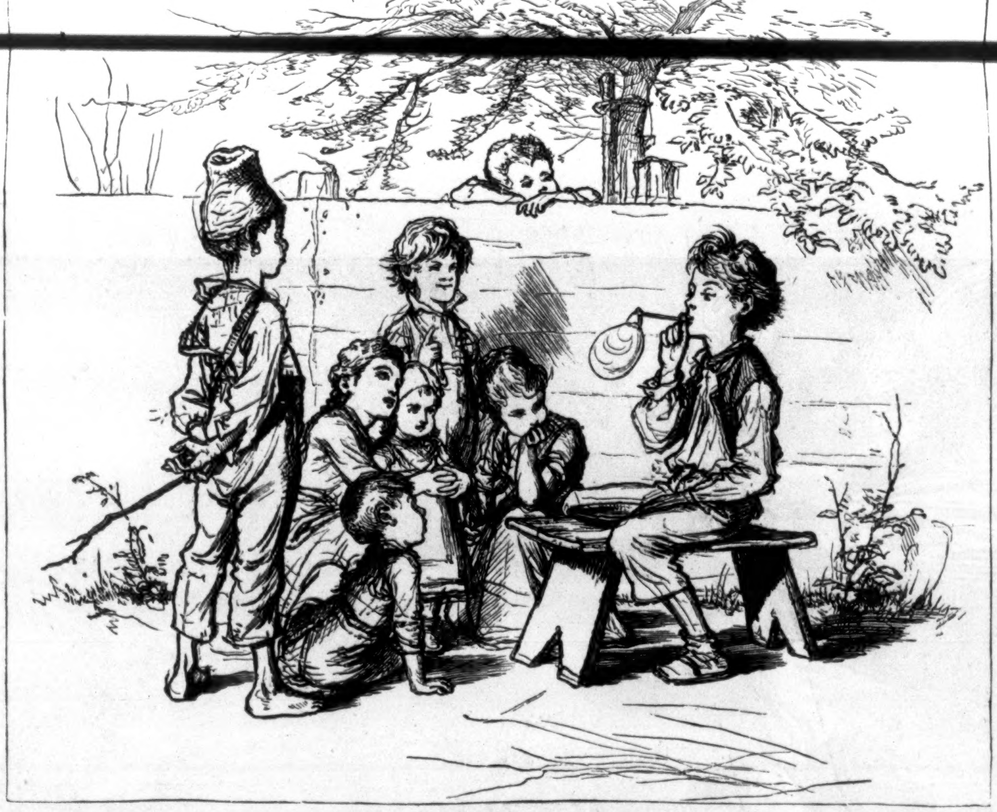
STREET IN BENARES.

Benares, the principal city in that division of British India called by the same name, is situated on the left bank of the river Ganges. This splendid stream forms a bay, indenting the front of the town so as to display its picturesque beauties to a great advantage. The measured length of the city along the river-bank is barely three miles, and the average depth does not exceed one mile. Access is obtained to the water by broad flights of steps, elaborately and solidly constructed of the fine freestone of Chunar and its vicinity, and often they are ornamented in a highly finished style. The streets of Benares, as Prinsep observes, "are confined, crooked, and so narrow that even the term narrow seems too wide." They might more properly be styled alleys. So confined are they as not to admit a wheeled carriage of any description, and they, indeed, scarcely afford room for the passage of any sort of beasts, whether under the saddle or bearing burdens. The thoroughfare is sunk considerably below the basement story of the houses, which have generally an arched passage in front, behind which is a shop and a store-room. These dwellings are, with few exceptions, built of stone, and they are generally lofty. Some are two stories high only, but most of them have three, and not a few four, five, and even six. The upper story in many instances projects beyond the lower. It is not uncommon for a house on one side of the street to be in its upper part connected with another on the opposite side. The windows are small, to exclude strong light, heat, and the inquisitive glances of strangers.

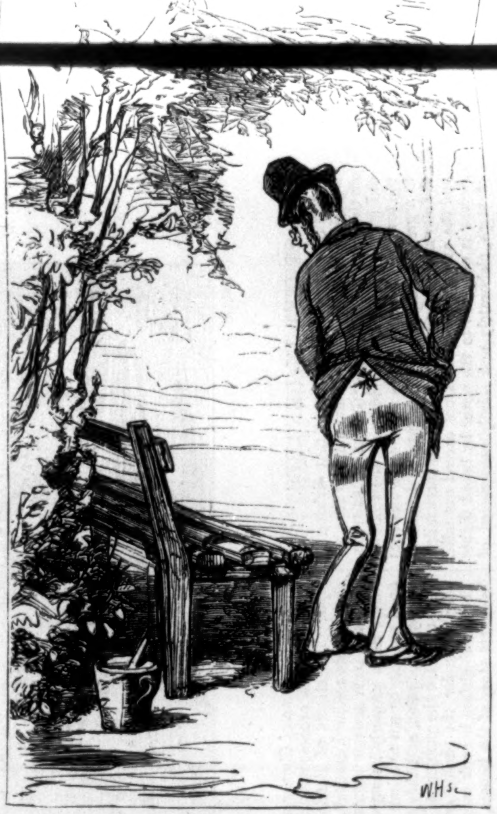
Toward the shore, temples get mixed up with the shops. Shrines and stone deities and broken fragments of idols may be found in all corners. The pippul-tree is allowed to grow any where, and twine its branches around walls and temples, till it draws them, by the power of its growth, into ruins. Brahminic bulls are privileged in all Hindoo cities, and nowhere more so than in Benares. They slowly perambulate through the narrow streets, keeping a solemn eye out for rice and flowers, which, according to an ancient custom, are presented at the shrines.



A SWEET BURDEN.



BLOWING BUBBLES.



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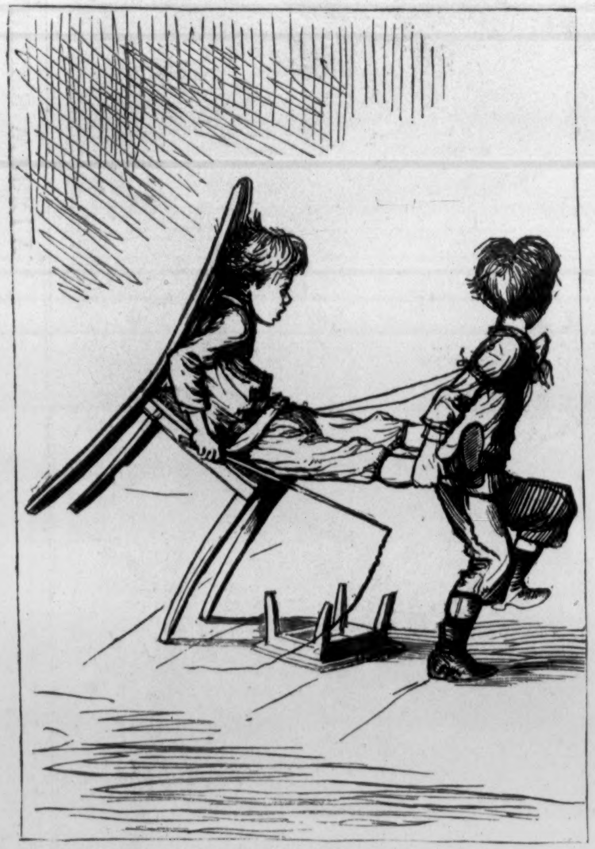
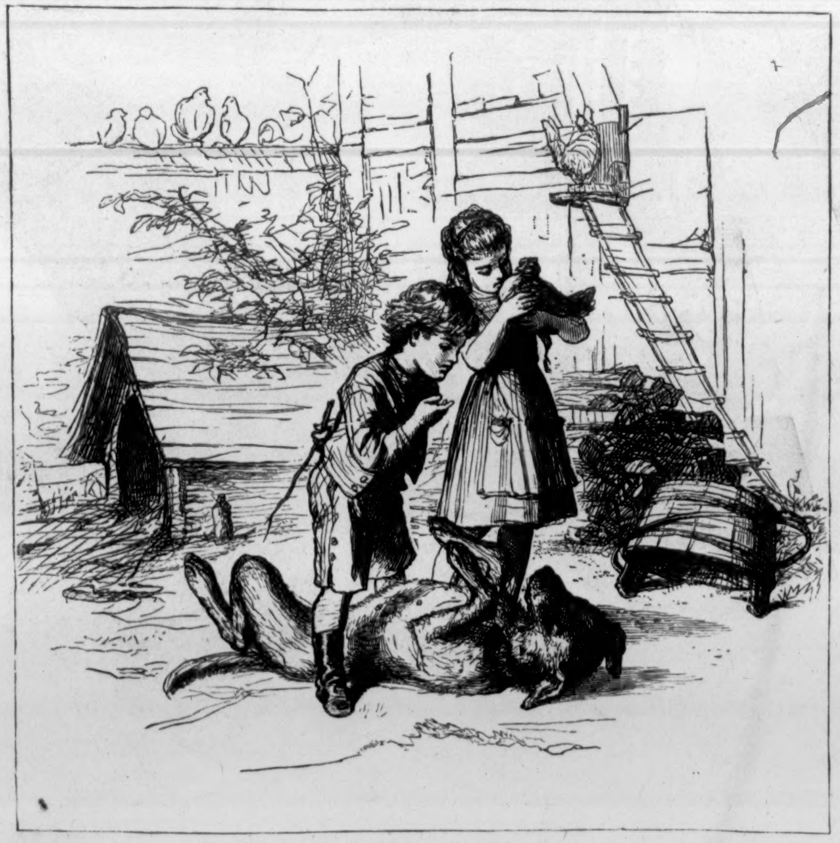
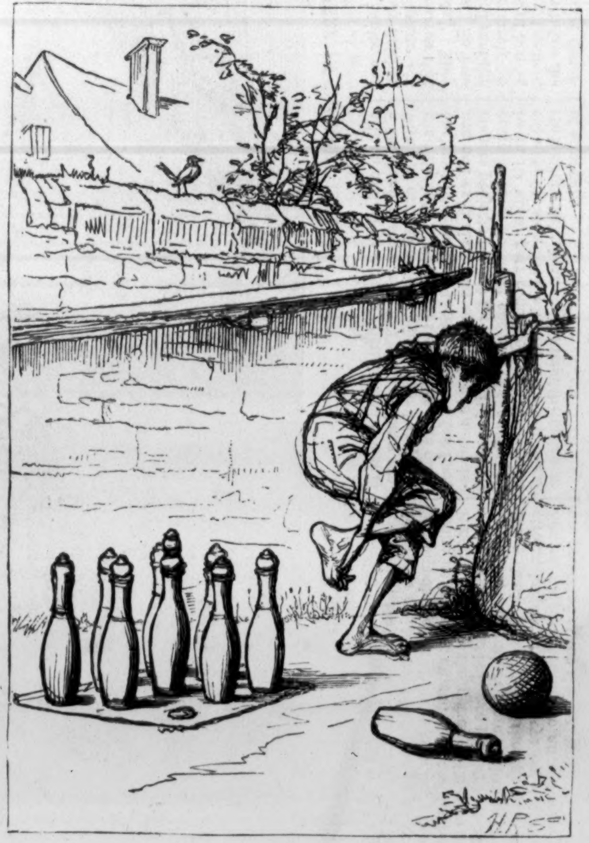


DANGEROUS DRIVING.

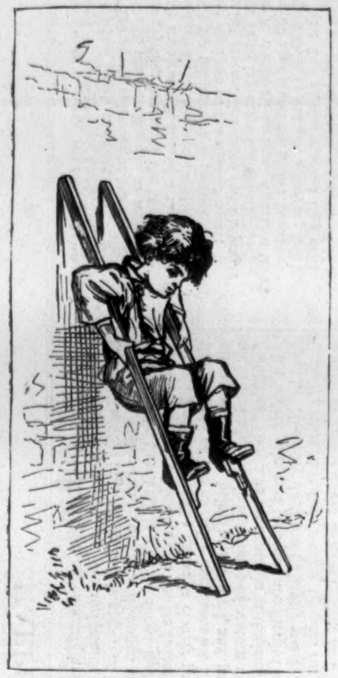


CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

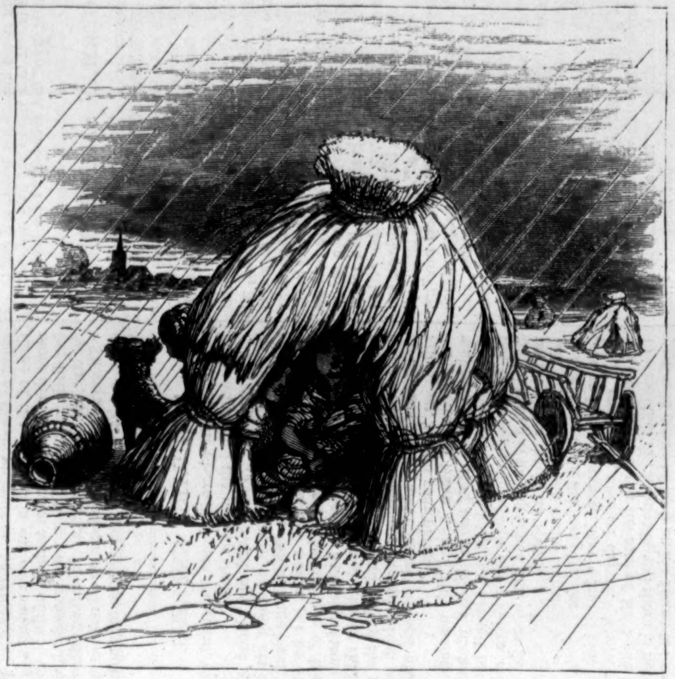


SKITTLES.

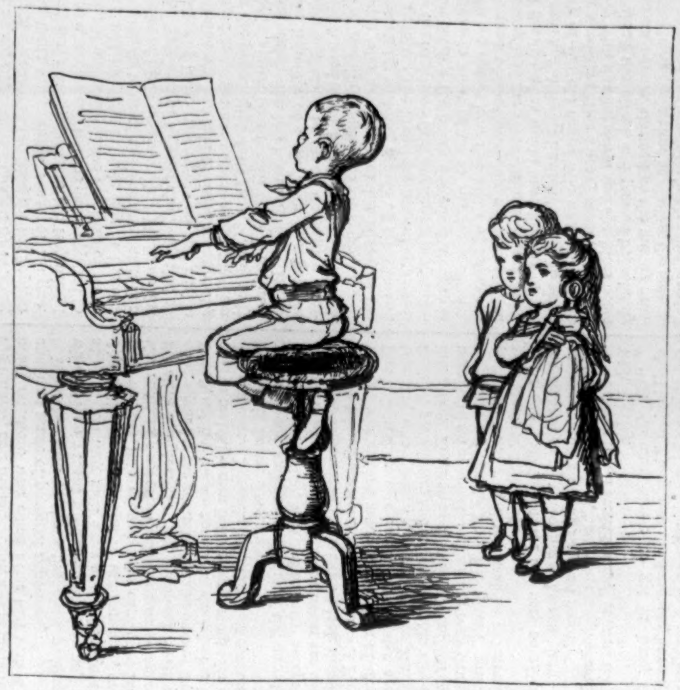
GERMAN CHARACTER SKETCHES.—[See Next Page.]



ON STILTS.



A COMMODIOUS SHELTER.



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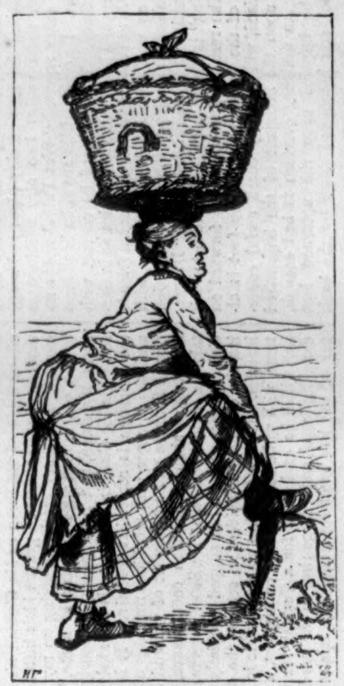
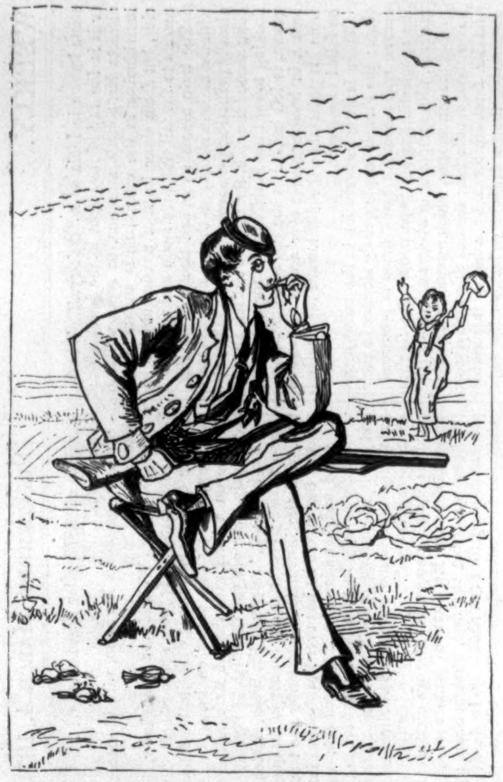
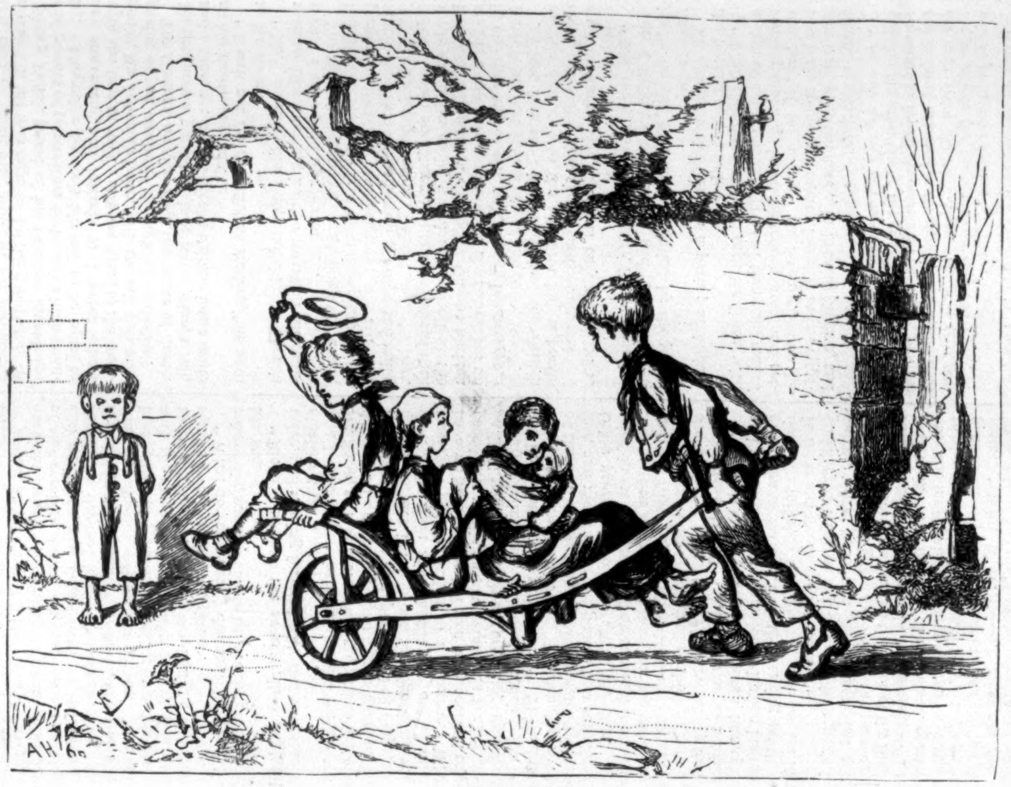


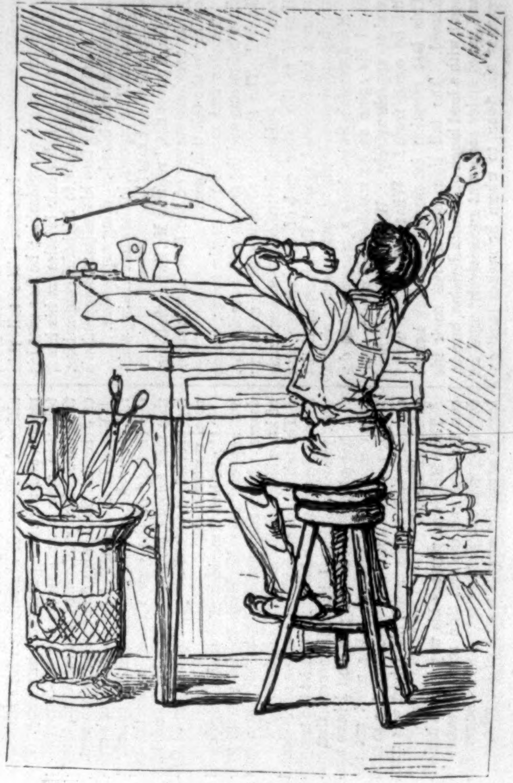
AN ELEGANT POSITION.

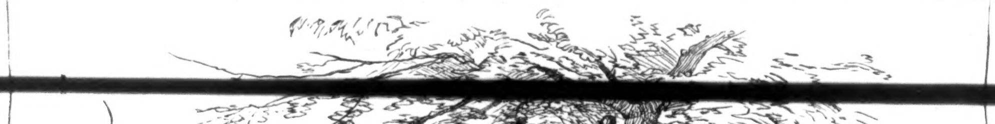


NOBLE PASTIME.



A JOLLY LOAD.



A MOMENT OF RESPITE.